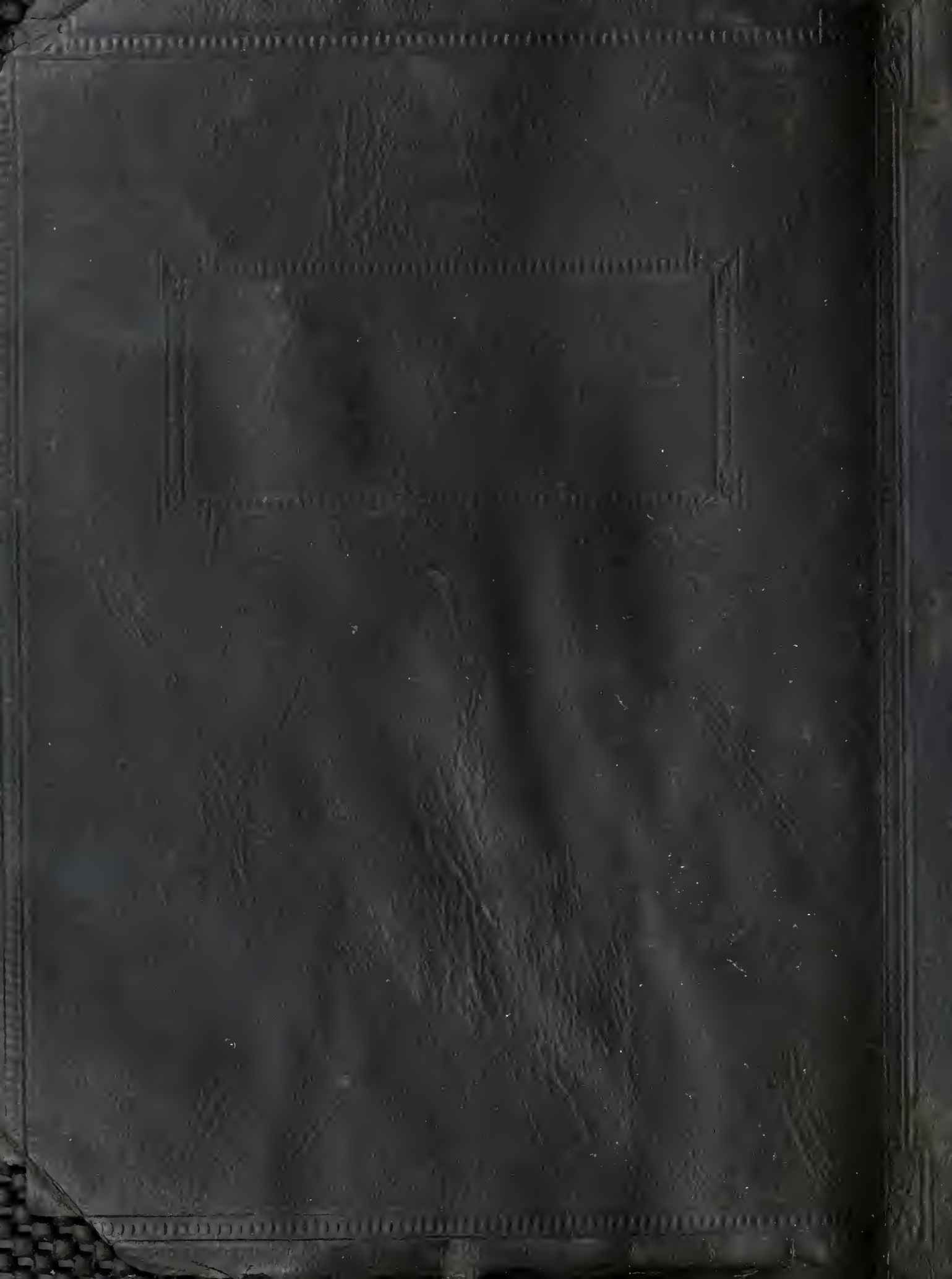


THE OVERFLOW

B. F. GRADY HIGH SCHOOL

1947



The Overflow

1947



ANNUAL OF THE B. F. GRADY HIGH SCHOOL
Seven Springs, North Carolina



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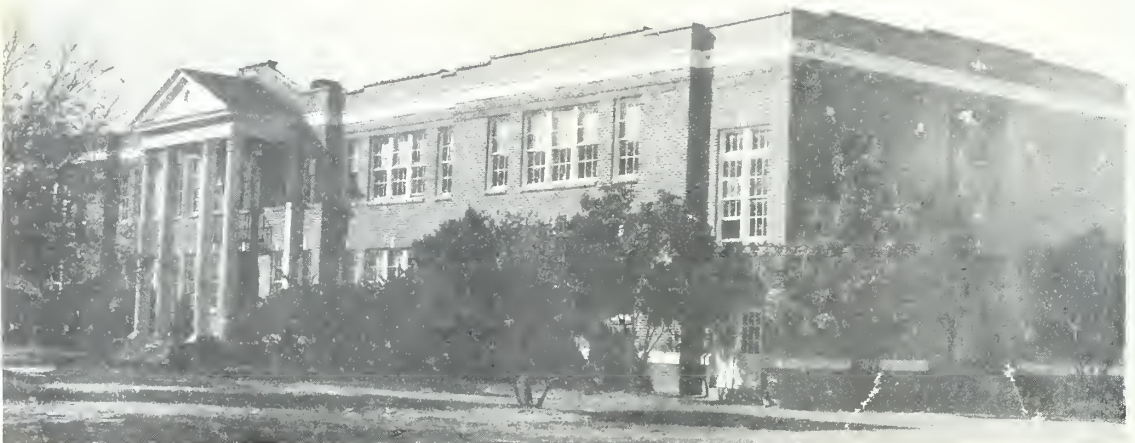
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1947

The Overflow

"B. F. GRADY" — What a cherished name. In this, the fifth volume of "The Overflow," we have tried to express our deepest love for our school. We are leaving Grady with the hope that her students will carry on the spirit of fellowship and learning which we shared during our twelve memorable years here. May this book help to keep alive the ideals and traditions of Grady!

The Seniors of '47



Grady School Building

1947

The Overflow



This Volume of "The Overflow"
Is Dedicated to the Late
WILLIAM GASTON KORNEGAY
First Chairman of Our School Committee

WILLIAM GASTON KORNEGAY

William Gaston Kornegay, son of Immanuel and Harriet Louisa (Kornegay) Kornegay, was born at the old Kornegay homestead in Albertson Township, Duplin County, June 20, 1867. His birthplace was in that part of said township which is now popularly known as the B. F. Grady school community and was within sight of where the B. F. Grady School building now stands. He was a worthy descendant of those sturdy pioneers, known as German Palatines, who came to America about the year 1710 and founded the town of New Berne in Craven County. George Kornegay, the first of this family in America, owned large tracts of land in Craven and Duplin Counties, and the crossing over North East river in this community, long known as Kornegay's Bridge, bears and honors his name.

As a young man William Gaston Kornegay attended the public schools taught by B. F. Grady, R. D. Kornegay, J. F. Maxwell, and other inspired educators of that time, and in early life he became a leader in this community where he spent his entire life. He was a farmer, postmaster, merchant, and public servant for many years and was active and influential in all matters affecting the public welfare. He was a member of the County Democratic Executive Committee and was later elected by the people to serve as Chairman of the Board of County Commissioners and faithfully served the people of Duplin County in that office for a longer period of time, with one exception, than any other man. During the year 1928 he became the first Chairman of the B. F. Grady School Committee, having already given the premises for the school, and in that capacity he served the people of his home community, faithfully and well, until his death.

Mr. Kornegay was a Universalist, a prominent Mason and Shriner, and was widely known. At the time of his death on March 22, 1935, and the funeral service on the following Sunday, more than two thousand kinsmen and friends packed the school auditorium, corridors, and grounds to pay last tribute to an outstanding citizen. Agreeable with his last request his remains were interred in a plot directly across the highway from the school building. Thus he was born, lived a life of great usefulness, died and was buried in this community.

Mr. Kornegay married Miss Georgia Frances Grady, October 16, 1889, and he is survived by her and the following children: Mrs. Norman Davis, Mrs. Marvin W. Simmons, Thaddeus Kornegay, Miss Bessie Kornegay, Dr. Harvey J. Kornegay, and Alvin Kornegay.

We, the people of the B. F. Grady Community, where Mr. Kornegay spent his entire life, are justly proud of him as an outstanding citizen of our community and county; and for his long and faithful service to our school, our community and our county, we affectionately dedicate this issue of "The Overflow" to him.

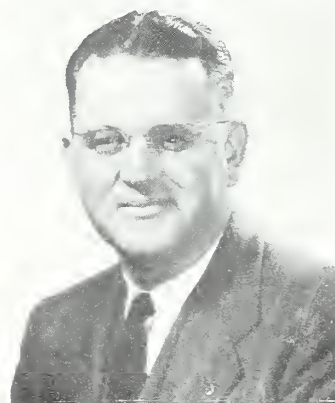
COUNTY BOARD OF EDUCATION



R. M. CARR, Chairman



CHESLEY WILLIAMS

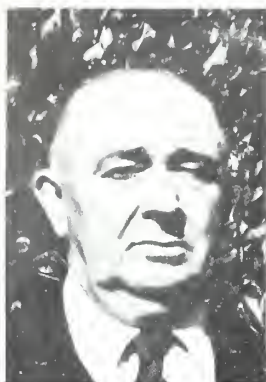


A. P. CATES



O. P. JOHNSON, County Superintendent

SCHOOL COMMITTEES



MR. JOHN D. GRADY
Chairman



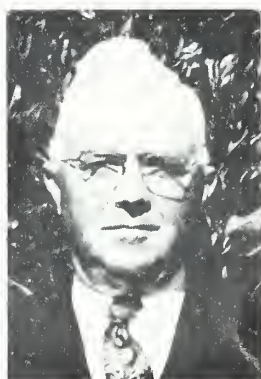
MR. ALVIN KORNEGAY



MR. JERRY O. SMITH



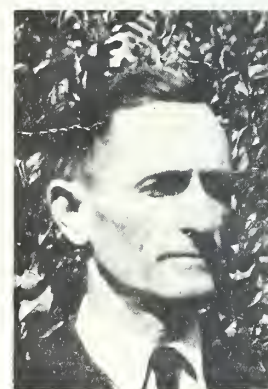
MR. M. B. HOLT



MR. ZOLLIE KORNEGAY



MR. LEWIS W. OUTLAW



MR. JIM H. BYRD



THE FACULTY

MR. H. M. WELLS, History and Principal

MR. J. H. DOTSON, Agriculture
 MRS. CAROLYN OUTLAW, Home Economics
 MRS. PEARL C. McGOWEN, English, French
 MRS. ALICE G. DAVIS, Mathematics
 MRS. HAZEL B. FARRIOR, English, History
 MRS. W. W. MAXWELL, Science
 MRS. ANNIE T. KORNEGAY, 8th Grade
 MRS. TIPPIE WALLACE, 8th Grade
 MISS VIOLA WESTBROOK, 7th Grade
 MISS BESSIE KORNEGAY, 7th Grade
 MRS. ANNIE MAE BLANTON, 6th Grade

MRS. HAZEL R. KORNEGAY, 6th Grade
 MRS. LOUISE H. WELLS, 5th Grade
 MRS. GLENN MAXWELL, 5th Grade
 MRS. MAMIE FORDHAM, 4th Grade
 MRS. HENRIETTA GRADY, 4th Grade
 MRS. MARY J. DOTSON, 3rd Grade
 MRS. FLORENCE CURRIE, 3rd Grade
 MRS. KATIE W. ROWELL, 2nd Grade
 MRS. EFFIE OUTLAW, 2nd Grade
 MRS. AUDREY BUTLER, 1st Grade
 MISS ANNIE M. COLE, 1st Grade

MRS. FLORRIE BYRD, Music



THE "OVERFLOW" STAFF

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Associate Editor	ISABELLE GOODSON
Business Manager	Alice ROGERS
Associate Business Manager	GAYNELLE STANLEY
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Humor Editors	NELSON KORNEGAY, COOLIDGE TURNER
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Junior Editor	HOWARD BAZEMORE
Sophomore Editor	BERNARD KORNEGAY
Freshman Editor	JEWEL ANN SHEPPARD
Circulation Manager	ELIZABETH ANN KORNEGAY
Sponsor	MRS. PEARL C. McGOWEN
Principal	H. M. WELLS

1947

The Overflow

THE "OVERFLOW" STAFF



Our Editor-in-Chief
MITTIE RUTH WALLACE

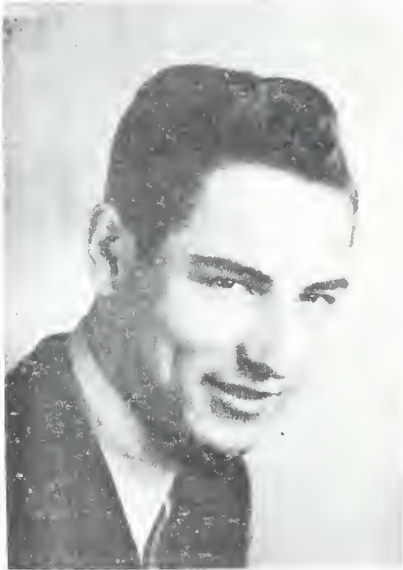


Our Associate Editor
ISABELLE GOODSON



Our Business Manager
ALICE ROGERS

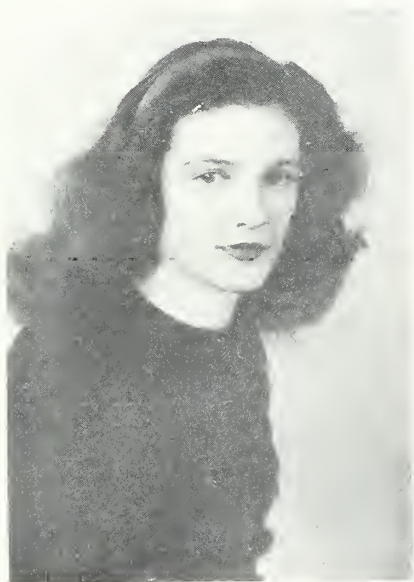
SUPERLATIVES



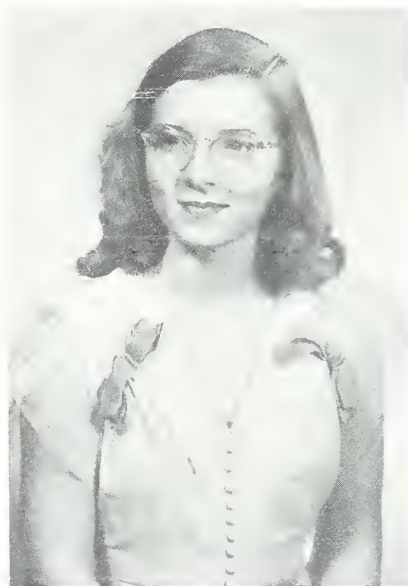
Best All-round Boy
NELSON KORNEGAY



Best All-round Girl
EVELYN KORNEGAY



Valedictorian
MITTIE RUTH WALLACE



Salutatorian
EVELYN KORNEGAY



BOBBY HOLT

CLASS MASCOTS

JOYCE FAYE WILLIAMS





SENIOR GRADE REPRESENTATIVES

MESSRS. RAYMOND ROGERS, R. D. HARPER, SR., FAISON McGOWEN, PAUL LEE, AND ED GRADY; MESDAMES PAUL GOODSON, PAUL WILLIAMS, ALVIN KORNEGAY, S. D. TURNER, SR., AND NORWOOD SMITH.

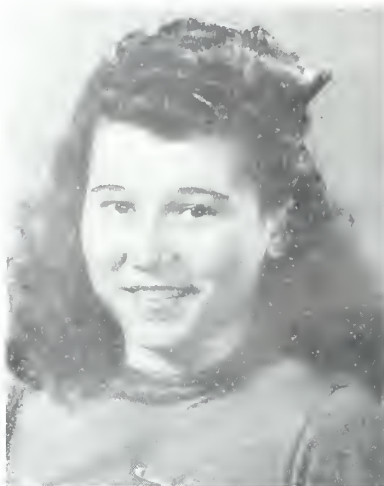
1947

The Overflow



SENIORS

SENIORS



LOUISE CARTER, Class President

Likes to Dance

Home Ec. Club 1, 2, 3, 5; Class Vice-President 4; Dramatics 4, 5; Glee Club 1, 3; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Captain 4, Cheerleader 5; 4-H Club 1, 3; Athletic Association 5; Bus Driver 4, 5; Lunch-room Committee 5; Senior Superlative: Most Popular Girl.

EDMUND T. CARTER, Secretary

Likes to Study

F. F. A. 1, 2, 3, 5, Watch Dog 1, 2; Bus Driver 3, 4, 5; Senior Superlative: Most Athletic Boy, Most Romantic Boy, and Most Ambitious Boy.

NELSON KORNEGAY, Vice-President

Likes Helen

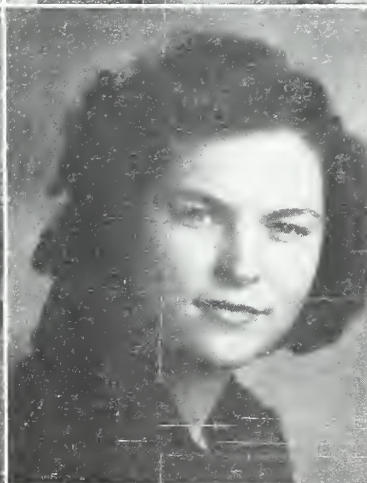
F. F. A. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Vice-President 3, Treasurer 4, District Treasurer 4; Dramatics 5; Bus Driver 4, 5; Senior Superlative: Most Handsome Boy; Annual Staff 4, 5; Best All-round Boy in school 5.

NORMAN STANLEY, Treasurer

Likes to be Facetious

F. F. A. 1, 2, 3, 5, Project Story Contest Winner 2, Sentinel 5; Dramatic Club 5; Senior Superlative: Most Studious, Most Intellectual Boy, Quietest Boy.

SENIORS



HELEN OUTLAW, Reporter

Likes Nelson

Home Ec. Club 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; 4-H Club 1, 2, 3; Glee Club 4; Dramatics 5; Senior Superlative: Most Romantic Girl.

MARY EDNA WATERS

Likes the Junior Class

Home Ec. Club 1, 2, 3, Winner in Dress Revue 2; Dramatics 4, 5; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4, 5, Co-Captain 4; Athletic Association 5; 4-H Club 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; Librarian 5; Debating Team 5; Senior Superlative: Most Conceited.

ALICE ROGERS

Likes to Play Ball

Home Ec. 1, 2, 3, Winner in Dress Revue 3, Vice-President 3, Delegate to District Rally in Goldsboro 3, 4; 4-H Club 5, Vice-President 5; Beta Club 3, 4, 5, Treasurer 4; Class Secretary 1; Class President 2; Dramatics 4, 5; Glee Club 3; Tussie Book Club 2; Basketball 2, 3, 4, 5; Athletic Association 5; Marshal 3, 4; Debating Team 3, 4; Librarian 5; Office Work 5; Popularity Queen 3; Senior Superlative: Most Dependable, Best All-round Girl 4; Annual Staff 3, 4, 5, Business Manager 4, 5; Class Prophet 5.

AVA GRAY WATERS

Likes to Go Home With Louvenia

Home Ec. Club 1, 2, 3, 4, President 4; 4-H Club 1, 2, 3; Senior Superlative: Quietest Girl.

SENIORS



ALMA JEANETTE DAIL

Likes to Sing

Home Ec. Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 4; Bus Driver 4, 5; Glee Club 1, 3; Dramatics 4, 5; Librarian 4; Lunch Room Committee 5; Senior Superlative: Most Ambitious Girl.

DORIS HOWARD

Likes to Make Friends

Home Ec. Club 2, 3; Beta Club 2, 3, 4, 5, Secretary 4; Class Secretary 4; Librarian 4, 5; Office Work 5; Dramatics 5; Senior Superlative: Friendliest Girl.

ERMA LEE TURNER

Likes to Swim

Home Ec. Club 1, 2, 3, Program Chairman 3, Delegate to Kinston Rally 3; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatics 2, 4, 5; Debating Team 5, State Debater 5; Super-salesman 3; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Captain and Cheerleader 5; Athletic Association 5; 4-H Club 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Song Leader 2, Vice-President 3, President 4; Tussie Book Club 2; Senior Superlative: Most Athletic; Class Grumbler; Annual Staff 4, 5.

ELSIE SMITH

Likes Movie Stars (Males)

Home Ec. Club 1, 2, 3, 5, Pianist 2, President 3, Delegate to State Rally in Raleigh 2, Delegate to District Rally in Kinston 3, Delegate to District Rally in New Bern 5; Music Club 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, President 5; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 5; 4-H Club 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Song Leader 3, Secretary-Treasurer 5; Basketball 2, 3, 4, 5; Dramatics 4, 5; Debating Team 5; Class Secretary 2; Senior Superlative: Most Talkative.

SENIORS



KERMIT PAUL WILLIAMS

Likes New Fords

F. F. A. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Vice-President 4; District Vice-President 5; Class Vice-President; Basketball 4, 5; 4-H Club 1, 2; Dramatics 5; Bus Driver 4, 5; Senior Superlatives: Most Conceited, Most Mischievous, Most Talkative, Cutest, and Class Baby.

ELIZABETH GRADY

Likes Being Engaged

Home Ec. Club 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; 4-H Club 1, 2, 3, 5; Librarian 4, 5; Music Club 1; Class Secretary 3; Dramatics 5; Senior Superlative: Most Musical; Class Lawyer 5.

JAMES RADFORD

Likes to Be Courteous

F. F. A. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; Class Treasurer 1; Bus Driver 4; Dramatics 5; Senior Superlative: Best Sport and Most Courteous Boy.

IRENE LEE

Likes to Eat

Home Ec. Club 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; 4-H Club 1, 2; Senior Superlative: Class Baby; Class Historian 5.

SENIORS



COOLIDGE TURNER

Likes the Women

F. F. A. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, President 3, 4; Public Speaking 3, 4; 4-H Club 3, 4, 5, President 5, Song Leader 5; Dramatics 4, 5; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Captain 5; Captain of Magazine Contest 3; Popularity King 5; Librarian 5; Senior Superlative: Most Versatile and Most Musical; Class Humorist; Annual Staff 4, 5.

JEANE HARPER

Likes Utah

Home Ec. Club 1, 2, 3, 5, Vice-President 5, Delegate to District Rally in Goldsboro 3, Delegate to District Rally in New Bern 5; Music Club 1; Glee Club 3; 4-H Club 3; Basketball 2, 3, 4, 5; Dramatics 5; Librarian 4; Class Treasurer 3; Senior Superlative: Most Beautiful.

FRANCES HILL

Likes to Go to Shows

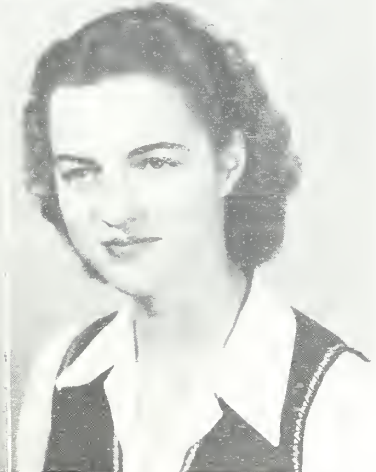
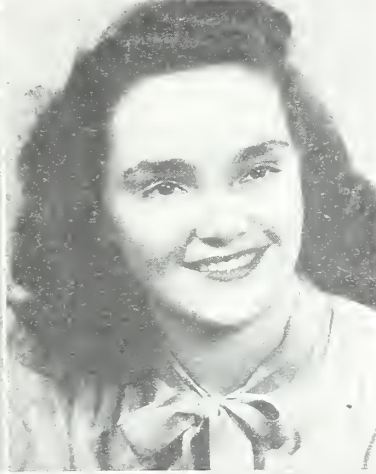
Home Ec. Club 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; 4-H Club 1, 2; Marshal 5; Senior Superlative: Best Sport.

BILL G. FUTRELLE

Likes to Drive Fast

F. F. A. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; 4-H Club 1, 2, 3; Basketball 1, 2; Bus Driver 3, 4.

SENIORS



IRENE JONES

Likes the Navy

Home Ec. Club 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; Senior Superlative; Most Studious Girl; Annual Staff 4.

MITTIE RUTH WALLACE

Likes to Write Stories

Home Ec. Club 1, 2, 3, Secretary 2, Delegate to State Home Ec. Rally in Raleigh 2; Beta Club 3, 4, 5, President 4, 5, Delegate to National Beta Club Convention in Winston-Salem 4, 5; Dramatics 2, 4, 5; 4-H Club 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Reporter 1, 4, President 4-H County Council 4, 5, Speaker on 4-H Radio Program 4, Delegate to 4-H Club Short Course at State College 4; Tussie Book Club 2, Secretary 2; Girl Scouts 3, 4, 5, Scribe 3; Winner of Watch in Magazine Contest 3; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Librarian 1, 5; Office Work 5; Class Reporter 3; Athletic Association 5; Basketball 5; Chief Marshal 3; Debating Team 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Winner 1, 4, State Debater 2, 3, 4, 5; Pepsi-Cola Scholarship Contestant 5; Senior Superlative; Most Intellectual; Annual Staff 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Editor-in-Chief 4, 5; Valedictorian 5.

GAYNELLE STANLEY

Likes to Write Poems

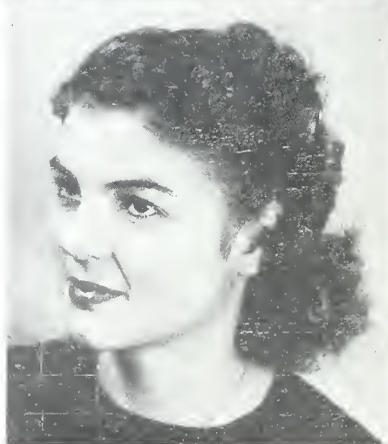
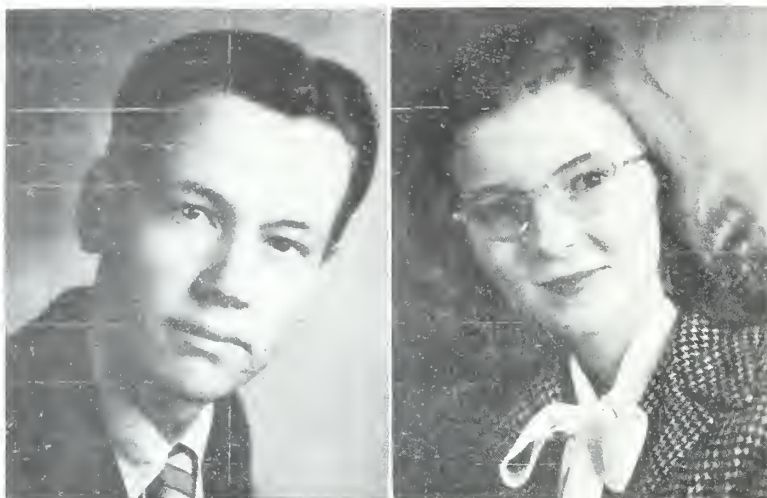
Home Ec. Club 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Treasurer 1, Vice-President 2, Reporter 5, Delegate to District Rally in Goldsboro 3, Delegate to District Rally in New Bern 5; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; State Debater 4; Popularity Queen 2; Super Salesman 3; Class Vice-President 3, Class Treasurer 4, Class Poet 5; Dramatics 4, 5; Librarian 4, 5; Senior Superlative; Cutest Girl; Annual Staff 4, 5.

ERMA ISABELLE GOODSON

Likes to Type

Home Ec. Club 1, 2, 3, Winner in Dress Revue 2, 3; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; 4-H Club 5, Song Leader 5; Basketball 3, 5; Athletic Association 5; Beta Club 3, 4, 5, Delegate to National Beta Club Convention in Winston-Salem 4, 5; Substitute Bus Driver 5; Marshal 3; Class Treasurer 2; Librarian 5; Debating Team 5; Dramatics 5; Senior Superlative; Most Versatile Girl; Class Musician; Annual Staff 4, 5, Associate Editor 5.

SENIORS



MARLAND HARPER

Likes to Take Pictures

F. F. A. 1, 2, 3, 4, 1st Conductor 4; Dramatics 2, 5; Bus Driver 4, 5; Super Salesman 3; Senior Superlative: Most Dependable and Friendliest Boy; Annual Staff 5.

EVELYN KORNEGAY

Likes to Ask Questions

Home Ec. Club 1, 2, 3, 5, Secretary 2, Winner in Dress Revues 3; Librarian 1, 5; Office Work 5; Glee Club 3; Dramatics 2, 4, 5; Tussie Book Club 2; Girl Scouts 3, 4, 5, President 3, Scribe 3, 4; Winner of Watch in Magazine Contest 3; Class President 1; Debating Team 3, 4, 5, Winner 5, State Debater 5; Pepsi-Cola Scholarship Contestant 5; Beta Club 3, 4, 5; Senior Superlative: Most Courteous; Annual Staff 2, 3, 4, 5; Salutatorian 5; Best All-Round Girl in School 5.

LOUVENIA WILLIAMS

Likes to Day Dream

Home Ec. Club 1, 2, 3, 4, Secretary 3; Dramatics 5; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; 4-H Club 1, 2, 3; Senior Superlative: Most Mischievous.

CLASS OF '47

We have known each other for years—
 Since we started in the very first grade—
 Just tiny little tots we were then
 With twelve full grades to be made.

We've loved each other with warm hearts
 Since that glorious first day at school.
 We learned our reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic,
 And, of course, the golden rule.

The golden rule we have followed
 From beginning to the end.
 Cooperation came from every one
 With each new task we took in.

Our days of parting will soon be here,
 And we will be saying goodbye
 To the classmates whom we have loved
 In the days already gone by.

As we go out into the world alone
 Each traveling his own way
 May God watch over us seniors
 And keep us from going astray.

GAYNELLE STANLEY, Class Poet

CLASS WILL

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,
 COUNTY OF DUPLIN.

We, the 1947 Seniors of B. F. Grady School, being sound in mind (or as sound as we will ever be) and body, do decree our last will and testament. It is our sincere desire that there shall be no fight among our heirs.

ARTICLE I

Section 1. To B. F. Grady School—the best high school in the State—we leave our thanks for the training that we have received here and for a hoard of highly-cherished memories.

Section 2. To our principal and to all teachers we will our gratitude for their patience with us and for so earnestly attempting to make us, at least, look intelligent.

ARTICLE II

Section 1. To the Senior Class of 1948 we leave that extra year in school. We also leave to them our high school class room and sponsor. There is no class dearer to us than the Juniors and we will to them the best of luck!

Section 2. To the Sophomore Class we will a stern command that they give a banquet next year at the Goldsboro Hotel as elaborate as the one the Juniors gave us this year.

Section 3. To the Freshman Class we leave a warning: "Work! It takes 16 units for graduation."

Section 4. To Mrs. Jesse Outlaw and her lunchroom helpers we will our gratitude for a good dinner each day.

ARTICLE III

Section 1. Mary Edna Waters wills her honor of being conceited to Thelma Jones.

Section 2. Alice Rogers wills her good sportsmanship to Ruby Harrison.

Section 3. Irene Jones wills her beautiful handwriting to Bryant Smith.

Section 4. Louise Carter wills her popularity to Mary Rose Sutton and her school bus to the first one who asks for it.

Section 5. Mittie Ruth Wallace and Gaynelle Stanley will their ability to debate to Carmen Turner and Bernard Kornegay.

Section 6. Coolidge Turner wills his pompadour to Leslie Turner and his way with the girls to Lynwood Patterson.

Section 7. Evelyn Kornegay wills her job in the lunchroom (taking up money) to Howard Bazemore, and her right to ask numerous questions to Louvenia Wilkins.

Section 8. Erma Lee Turner wills her feminine ways to Estelle Waller and her love for Pink Hill to Emma Jean Smith.

Section 9. Alma Dail wills her ability to be a "Snowbird" to Margaret Smith.

Section 10. Irene Lee wills Franklin Tyndall to Mary Ella Williams—since Mary Ella doesn't have a beau.

Section 11. Norman Stanley wills his love for Mrs. Farrior to 9-B.

Section 12. Kermit Williams wills his flirty ways and curly hair to Howard Bazemore and his new Ford to Mrs. Outlaw.

Section 13. Marland Harper wills his hobby of taking pictures to Boyce Wallace and his phonograph to Mrs. Audrey Butler.

Section 14. Elsie Smith wills her athletic ability to Maxine Waters and her easy schedule to Claude Townsend.

Section 15. Jeane Harper wills her beauty to Vera Rogers. (Poor Vera needs it!)

Section 16. Frances Hill wills her little feet to Mary Lou Harper.

Section 17. James Radford wills his courteous ways to the Smith twins.

Section 18. Edmund Carter wills his right to go to Mr. Outlaw's house to absolutely nobody!

Section 19. Nelson Kornegay and Helen Outlaw will their place as "Stars" in the plays to L. C. and Bo.

Section 20. Louvenia Williams wills her love for Jones boys to Annie Mae Grady.

Section 21. Doris Howard and Bill Futrelle will their "corner" to Bernice Tyndall and Jamie Powell.

Section 22. Isabelle Goodson wills her crystal ball to J. D. Outlaw.

Section 23. Ava Gray Waters wills her good disposition to Joyce Maxwell.

Section 24. I, Elizabeth Grady, will my right to be different to C. L. Whitfield.

In Witness whereof, we, the Senior Class, do set our hands and seal to this will.

Witness: DORIS HOWARD,

Witness: BILL FUTRELLE.

Her

ELIZABETH X GRADY

Mark

ELIZABETH GRADY, Class Lawyer.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '47

EIGHTH GRADE

Officers: Evelyn Kornegay, President; Kermit Williams, Vice-President; Alice Rogers, Secretary; James Radford, Treasurer.

Home-Room Teacher: Mrs. Alice G. Davis, Mathematics.

Other Teachers: Mr. E. D. Edgerton, Principal and French; Mrs. Pearl C. McGowen, English; Miss Dorothy Powell, Science; Miss Myrtle Landen, History; Miss Dorothy J. Osborne, Home Economics; Mr. J. H. Dotson, Agriculture.

Activities: We enjoyed a tacky party at the Gym. Mary Edna, Miles, and Evelyn won prizes.

We attended a Mother-Daughter, Father-Son Banquet. We were initiated into Farm Family Living, taught by Mr. Dotson and Miss Osborne. Some of our classes we had with the boys and girls together. Mr. Boone, associate Professor of Agri-

culture, was often amused at us in class (especially at Evelyn's many questions).

That year we started debating. One member of our class, Mittie Ruth Wallace, was in the winning team. She and Wilbur Eubanks have debated in the State contest for the past three years.

Members Lost: Dollie Mae Potter died. (The girls of our class served as flower girls and the boys, as pall-bearers). Wilbur Eubanks wrote to Dollie Mae a lovely poem which has been published. Rajah Grady left us to attend school at E. M. I.

NINTH GRADE

Officers: Alice Rogers, President; Reevis Alphin, Vice-President; Elsie Smith, Secretary; Isabelle Goodson, Treasurer.

Home-Room Teacher: Miss Mary Elizabeth Darden, History.

Other Teachers: Mr. E. D. Edgerton, Principal and French; Mrs. Pearl C. McGowen, English; Miss Dorothy J. Osborne, Home Economics; Mr. J. H. Dotson, Agriculture; Mrs. Alice G. Davis, Mathematics.

Activities: It is said that our class caused something new in school — The Demerit System. (We apologize).

We participated in the Mother-Daughter, Father-Son Banquet.

We had a Box Party for the Red Cross. Reevis paid the highest dollar for Evelyn's box. (Thomas wanted it but he did not have as much money as Reevis).

Several members of our class joined the Private Tussie Book Club which was composed of some students from all the high school grades. The purpose of this club was to secure new books at reduced rates. The organization joined the Book-of-the-Month Club and the People's Book Club. Two members of our class, Evelyn Kornegay and Mittie Ruth Wallace, wrote a play based on "Taps for Private Tussie" which was presented in the school auditorium by the club members. The play was coached by the Book Club sponsor, Mrs. Pearl C. McGowen.

Members Gained: Reevis Alphin, Woodrow and Elmore Thigpen, Canary and Doris Sparrow, and Pearl Hill.

Members Lost: Miles and Velma Albertson, Teddy Grady, Doris and Canary Sparrow, Woodrow and Elmore Thigpen, and Louise Carter.

TENTH GRADE

Officers: Wilbur Eubanks, President; Gaynelle Stanley, Vice-President; Elizabeth Grady, Secretary; Jean Harper, Treasurer.

Home-Room Teacher: Mrs. Alice G. Davis, Mathematics.

Other Teachers: Mr. E. D. Edgerton, Principal and French; Mrs. Pearl C. McGowen, English; Miss Geraldene Gregory, Science; Mrs. Bonnie Davis, History; Miss Eunice McKeithan, Home Economics; Mr. Marlow Bostic, Agriculture.

Activities: We sold magazine subscriptions to earn money for the Sophomore-Senior Banquet which was held at the Goldsboro Hotel. The winners in the subscription contest were: first—Thomas Edgerton; second—Mittie Ruth Wallace; third—Evelyn Kornegay. These three won Bulova watches.

Mrs. S. D. Turner, Sr., gave us a weiner roast at the pond in front of the school building.

Again we attended the Mother-Daughter, Father-Son Banquet, which was, as usual, one of the highlights of the year.

Members Gained: Doris Howard, Coolidge Turner, Alma Dail. We also got Louise Carter back from Norfolk, Va., with basketball ideas!

ELEVENTH GRADE

Officers: Coolidge Turner, President; Louise Carter, Vice-President; Doris Howard, Secretary; Gaynelle Stanley, Treasurer.

Home-Room Teacher: Mrs. Pearl C. McGowen, English.

Other Teachers: Mr. E. D. Edgerton, Principal and French; Mrs. Alice G. Davis, Mathematics; Mrs. Bonnie Davis, History; Miss Geraldene Gregory, Science; Mrs. Frances Bostic, Home Economics; Mr. Marlow Bostic, Agriculture.

Activities: We had the privilege of publishing the fourth volume of "The Overflow" which was the "Victory Issue." It contained individual pictures of our 300 service boys and girls from Grady with a personal account of the accomplishments of each. We voted to dedicate this volume to the mothers of the eleven Grady boys who were killed in World War II.

We presented a Junior Play, "Miss Jimmy", with Thomas Edgerton, Evelyn Kornegay, Mittie Ruth Wallace, Erma Lee Turner, Elsie Smith, Mary Edna Waters, Wilbur Eubanks, Adelle Turner, and Coolidge Turner.

We were given parties by Isabelle Goodson, Willard Whitfield, and Gerald (Buck) Waters. Also Alice Rogers' mother gave her a surprise birthday party. The class presented Alice an identification bracelet. We also gave Ava Gray, who was out of school several weeks because of illness, a bracelet just like it.

We had several parties at the Gym, one of which was a farewell party for Thomas and Mr. Edgerton. We presented to the Edgerton family a crystal console set.

In May we went on an educational tour to our Nation's Capitol, and Virginia. This trip was most enjoyable and instructive. We are grateful to those who helped make the trip possible.

New Members: Gerald (Buck) Waters and Willard Whitfield. (Veterans!)

Members Lost: Annie Mae Summerlin and Adelle Turner (got married without the consent of this class); Buck Waters and Willard Whitfield graduated; Wilbur Eubanks left us (against his better judgment) to enter school at Trenton; Mr. Edgerton and Thomas went to Wallace. (How we have missed them all!)

TWELFTH GRADE

Officers: Louise Carter, President; Nelson Kornegay, Vice-President; Edmund Carter, Secretary; Norman Stanley, Treasurer; Helen Outlaw, Reporter.

Home-Room Teacher: Mrs. Pearl C. McGowen, English and French.

Other Teachers: Mr. Hugh Wells, Sr., Principal and History; Mrs. Carolyn G. Outlaw, Home Economics; Mr. J. H. Dotson, Agriculture; Mrs. W. W. Maxwell, Science; Mrs. Alice G. Davis, Mathematics; Mrs. Hazel Farrior, Economics.

Activities: Our class and the Seniors from Kenansville chartered a bus and went to Chapel Hill to Senior Day and a football game.

We had a Junior-Senior Masquerade Party in the Gym. What fun! The handsome major who held a cigar was none other than Mrs. Pearl McGowen. (Thanks to Major Bob Wells). The lovely Senorita from South America was Mrs. Alice Davis.

We gave a play, "Almost Summer," starring Nelson Kornegay and Helen Outlaw. Rumors are flying around that Nelson fell in love with Helen while practicing this play.

We enjoyed parties at Isabelle Goodson's, Elizabeth Grady's, and also at Mrs. McGowen's.

We gave a second play, "The Daffy Dills."

With the help of our sponsor we are now working on the fifth volume of "The Overflow." Ours is the only class privileged to publish two volumes of the annual. This is due to the fact that, with the addition of the twelfth grade, there was no Senior class last year. The most of the work on the Annual has been done outside class. We have worked together for this book which we consider worth every minute of time spent and every penny it costs us. It has inspired us and other students throughout the high school to do better work, especially in English.

New Members: Norman Stanley, Edmund Carter, and Bill Futrelle. (More Veterans!)

Members Lost: Leland Wallace joined the army during this year.

This class has truly cooperated in every undertaking. We are as brothers and sisters. Together we have shared joys and sorrows. Now that Graduation Day is approaching we are happy because we are at last reaching the goal for which we have struggled so long; we are sad because it is just like one large family going separate ways.

IRENE JONES and IRENE LEE, Historians.

THE PROPHECY

"In a quaint caravan
 There's a lady they call the Gypsy.
 She can look in the future
 And drive away all your fears."

Not very far from here there's a quaint caravan midst green pine trees. In this caravan there resides a lady — the Gypsy. Her fame has become widespread. People from far and near come to consult her. We seniors of '47 have just paid her a visit (and incidentally we paid her a lot of money, too) to tell us our fortunes.

With nervous anticipation each of us waited his turn with the Gypsy. She had such insight that she could even call the names of those who consulted her. In her mysterious way the Gypsy talked on:

"Your name is MITTIE RUTH WALLACE. I see you graduating with honors from a big university. Later I see you serving as full-time President of the North Carolina Debating Union.

GAYNELLE STANLEY — Ah. I see you — a great lady — having your picture made beside your pet cow — a Texas Jersey. Again, I see you sitting by a beautiful brook writing love poems and nature poems.

ISABELLE GOODSON — I see you actually flying an airplane — your own plane, named for your uncle, the 'Flying Parson.'

NELSON KORNEGAY — I see a blonde-haired girl whose initials are R. S. Beware of her! A red-haired girl will come again into your life and forgive you. Now, I see you preaching to large congregations.

HELEN OUTLAW — There's trouble ahead for you. Watch that blonde-haired girl. Fight for your man. He is a good boy and worth fighting for. He's a preacher, too.

JEANE HARPER — You will take a long trip — away out West. I see a school — Brigham Young University. Now I am looking at a gorgeous temple — there's a wedding. You are the maid of honor at the wedding of Alma Dail and Marland Harper. They make a handsome pair.

EVELYN KORNEGAY — another preacher in the class — and a woman too! How you will influence young people! You will marry a boy you know now, but you are not in love with him now. You will be blessed with 12 lovely children. Your oldest girl will have red hair and will be named 'Bessie.' You and your family will especially enjoy making pictures and playing the phonograph.

IRENE LEE — A busy little house-wife you will be. You have a beautiful home to display your talents. The blonde you marry will be an answer to a matrimonial bureau advertisement, but he will make a good living selling Kermit Sedans (put out by Kermit Williams).

KERMIT WILLIAMS — With all your money you will never find a girl who will marry you. It seems that they can't forget how untrue you are and how many hearts you have broken. Watch your fickle ways, my boy!

ELSIE SMITH — My! Such beauty! I see a dress designer and fashion model, surrounded by luxuries of all kinds. No! There's no man in your future except a host of admirers.

JAMES RADFORD — I see a prosperous farmer. There is nothing backward about your business. You have on your plantation a Franklin Quinn Cotton Picker and a Bonnie Davis Tobacco Looper.

ELIZABETH GRADY — I see a husband for you in the near future. In fact, I see you receiving a diploma and your husband is present!

COOLIDGE TURNER — You will be the smartest lawyer in Kenansville. You will get Vera Rogers Ulrich a divorce from Gus, free of charge. Then you will marry her yourself.

ERMA LEE TURNER — I see you driving a Cadillac at break-neck speed. You stop at Glen Echo Recreation Center. You and Louise Carter step out and proceed to your jobs — you to the Roller Coaster, which makes a round of ten miles in one minute; Louise to the swimming pool where she serves as swimming instructor for some Girl Scouts.

DORIS HOWARD — I see you married to a very handsome boy named Zewinski Gabrinski Futrellibus.

BILL FUTRELLE — I see you happily married and holding a supervisory job at a Diesel Engine Plant.

LOUVENIA WILLIAMS — There is much in store for you. Very soon you will be the winner in a nation-wide beauty contest. A cover girl! But you will be unhappy. You will give up the man you love for a life of publicity. It's too late to be sorry. Evelyn Bell got him.

FRANCES HILL — I see hospitals and doctors. You are Superintendent of Nurses. You are sweet and lovely now, but you will change into a hard-boiled sister!

IRENE JONES — An old maid Home Economics teacher you will be — Mrs. Outlaw's assistant at Grady. In years to come, how your heart will ache when you hear any song pertaining to the Navy. Too bad you gave that beautiful diamond back.

MARY EDNA WATERS — I hate to tell you this, but you will be a school teacher. That's all. Too bad!

AVA GRAY WATERS — I see a beauty shop in Mt. Olive with a sign over the door: 'Ava Gray's Shop. We specialize in making school teachers look younger.' You are now beautifying Mrs. Annie Mae Blanton. There will be many men in your life. Watch a black-haired boy; he isn't true.

NORMAN STANLEY — You will own the "Stanley Steamer Airlines." You make non-stop trips from Pink Hill to Kenansville. Of course, these two towns will be large cities.

EDMUND CARTER — Girls! Girls! Girls! And then more girls! Finally you are in a wedding at the home of a certain blonde.

Your name is ALICE ROGERS. First I see a college. Oh, there's a handsome doctor in your future. Yes, he is your husband. I see him as he treats Ralph Jene Dotson's goats. This is a famous Veterinarian."

ALICE ROGERS, Class Prophet.

LEST YE FORGET

Coolidge Turner's wolfishness.
 Senior Tomboy Day.
 Senior Sophistication Day.
 The Crystal Ball (Tee Hee! J. D. Outlaw).
 When Edmond Carter tried to hide his slip.
 That Mrs. Holden's Chevrolet Coupe carries thirteen people.
 When Nelson forgot to hide the robe.
 Mrs. McGowen's little house in the slums.
 When the "Montreat Fever" broke out in school.
 What turns green first in the spring—Christmas jewelry.
 The Tin-Pan band at the basketball games.
 Isabelle's cars.
 That Ray said to Alma Dail, "Did you call me Bird Brain, Bird Brain?"
 That Louise had 27 dates in the month of December with the same boy.
 (Evelyn said that she didn't blame Louise that she (Evelyn) had seen the guy!)
 That Elsie met "Honey" at the Overflow.
 Mrs. McGowen's facial.
 Mr. Wells's chewing gum.
 How sore we got taking Louise's calisthenics.
 How it rained Senior Day at Carolina.
 The first chew of tobacco that Irene Jones, Louvenia Williams, and Erma Lee
 Turner tried.
 Gaynelle's big diamond with a cow on each side.
 That James beat Coolidge to Iris Jean's house.
 The diamond that Lib got when she had her hundredth date with Boyce.
 Miss Bessie's kindness.
 Mrs. Henrietta Grady's professional bag (like Mrs. McGowen's).
 Marland's first love (his phonograph).
 That Doris Howard drinks milk to support the Dairy Business.
 That Kenansville girls have a crush on Kermit Williams.
 That even Alice — as good as she is — lost her temper at a basketball game
 at Moss Hill.
 That Irene Lee and Francis Hill have regular Wednesday night dates.
 That Irene Jones loves a Washington Sailor.
 Margaret Jean's pulchritude.
 That "It is not that way" in Louvenia's book. (When she's awake).
 Mary Edna's Guide at the Luray Caverns.
 That the best cheerleader we ever had at basketball games was Mr. R. D.
 Harper.
 That Alice and Elsie rob the cradles.
 That Bill Futrelle is allergic to girls.
 Our Minnie Pearl — Erma Lee.
 Lib's trolley ride.
 That Erma Lee tried Alma's Peroxide and it failed.
 The Stove-pipe hat on the Washington trip.
 The abrupt change in Mittie Ruth.
 That Matrimonial Fever broke out this year.
 The time Evelyn made Mrs. McGowen get off the street car six blocks from the
 hotel.
 The Baby that lost her Kodak in the big city.
 "It's not the school; it's the Principal of the thing!"
 How Mrs. McGowen looked when the seniors gave her a Chenille Bedspread.
 Nathan Canady — the big Policeman at Raleigh. (Gerald won't forget. He
 threw out his salt and pepper shakers).
 That George Washington laid all the cornerstones except one.

MARLAND HARPER.



JUNIOR CLASS

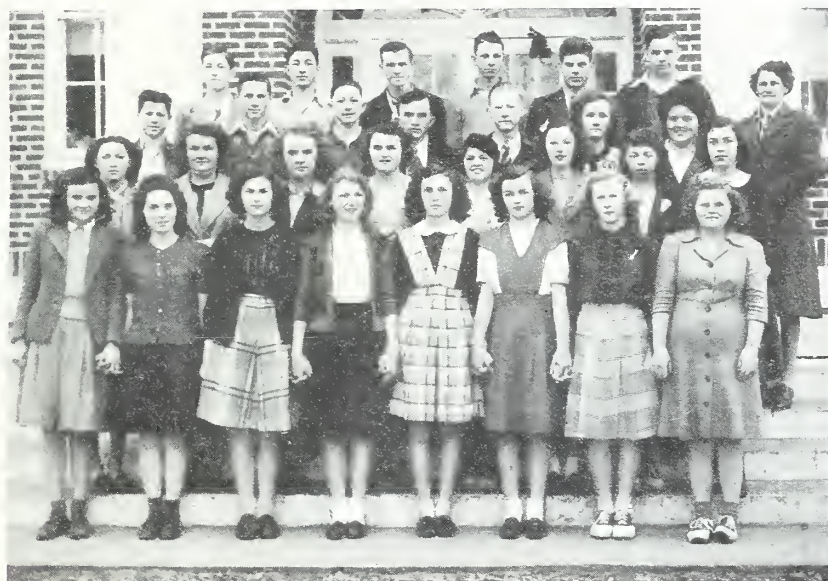
President	Elizabeth Ann Kornegay
Vice-President	Howard Bazemore
Secretary	Vera Rogers
Treasurer	Claude Townsend
Sponsor	Mrs. Alice G. Davis

First row, left to right: Bernice Tyndall, Eunice Sutton, Nellie Lee, Elsie Byrd, Elizabeth Ann Kornegay, Vera Rogers, Louvenia Wilkins.

Second row, left to right: C. L. Whitfield, Gus Ulrich, Marlene Powell, Margaret Smith, Hunter Wells.

Third row, left to right: Bryant Smith, Mary Lou Harper, William O'Quinn, Mrs. Alice G. Davis.

Fourth row, left to right: Lynwood Patterson, L. C. Southerland, Boyce Wallace, Howard Bazemore, J. D. Outlaw.



SOPHOMORE CLASS

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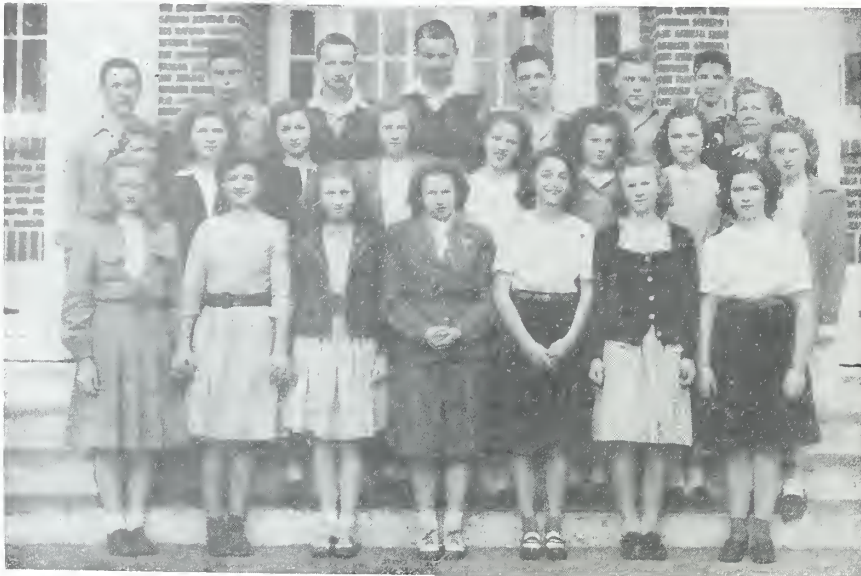
First row, left to right: Mary Estelle Wilkins, Katie Hatch, Ernestine Outlaw, Mary Ethel Outlaw, Annie Lois Thigpen, Eva Edna Grady, Emma Jean Smith, Maxine Waters.

Second row, left to right: Dorothy Jackson, Janie Williams, Annie Mae Grady, Rachel Lee Kornegay, Mary Ella Williams, Ardeth Smith, Ramona Herring, Joyce Smith.

Third row, left to right: Henry Waters, Carmer Turner, Delmus Jones, Kermit Grady; E. T. Kornegay, Julia Williams, Katie Pearl Wilkins, Mrs. W. W. Maxwell.

Fourth row, left to right: Bernard Kornegay, Elwood Jones, Franklin Tyndall, James Padgett, Douglas Townsend, Kenneth Malpass.

Those absent from the picture were: Jean Potter, Helen Patterson, Lettie Taylor.



FRESHMAN CLASS A

President	Thelma Jones
Vice-President	Alfred Wells
Secretary	Joe Garner
Treasurer	Estelle Waller
Sponsor	Mrs. Carolyn Outlaw

First row, left to right: Edna Joyce Adams, Thelma Jones, Catherine Harper, Ruth Bishop, Laura Massey, Joyce Smith, Louise Hill.

Second row, left to right: Audrey Stroud, Mary Cornelia Smith, Jewell Ann Sheppard, Annie Mae Grady, Martha Southerland, Wilma Lois Adams, Estelle Waller, Sibyle Davis.

Third row, left to right: Alfred Harper, James Vernom, Joe Garner, Alton Dunn, James Walton Harper, George Smith, Alfred Wells, Mrs. Carolyn Outlaw.

Those absent from the picture were: Edgar Murphy, Georgia Lee Rouse, Morris Sandlin, Cleo Stanley, Alfred Thigpen, Larry Hargrove.



FRESHMAN CLASS B

President	Maeabelle Outlaw
Vice-President	Jamie Powell
Secretary	Ruby Harrison
Treasurer	Gracen Smith
Sponsor	Mrs. Hazel Farrior

First row, left to right: Doris Williams, Iris Jean Deaver, Mildred Harper, Mary Rose Sutton, Reba Jean Outlaw, Evelyn Outlaw.

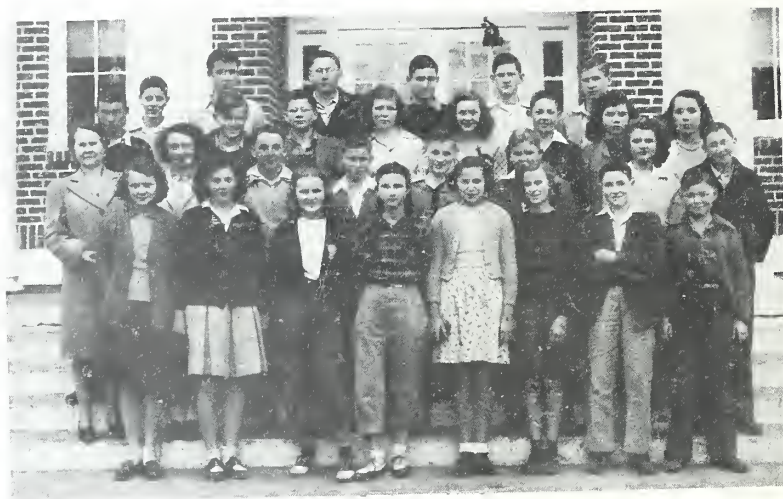
Second row, left to right: Herbert Williams, Gracen Smith, Ashley Stroud, Maeabelle Outlaw, Emily Lois Kornegay, Virginia Smith, Mrs. Hazel Farrior.

Third row, left to right: Jamie Powell, Samuel Herring, Marvin Garner, Rommie Outlaw, William Earl Tyndall, Jim Parker.

Those absent for the picture were: Ruby Harrison, Kenneth Heath, Elsworth Hill, Graham Smith.



MRS. ANNIE T. KORNEGAY, 8th Grade



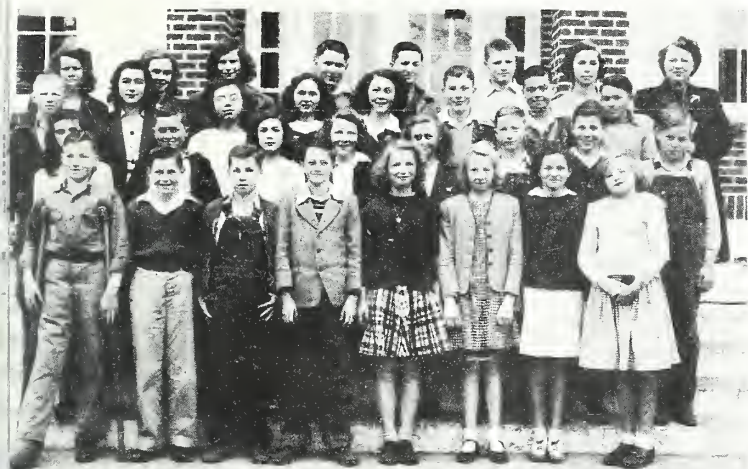
MRS. TIPPIE WALLACE, 8th Grade



MISS VIOLA WESTBROOK, 7th Grade

1947

The Overflow



MISS BESSIE KORNEGAY, 7th Grade



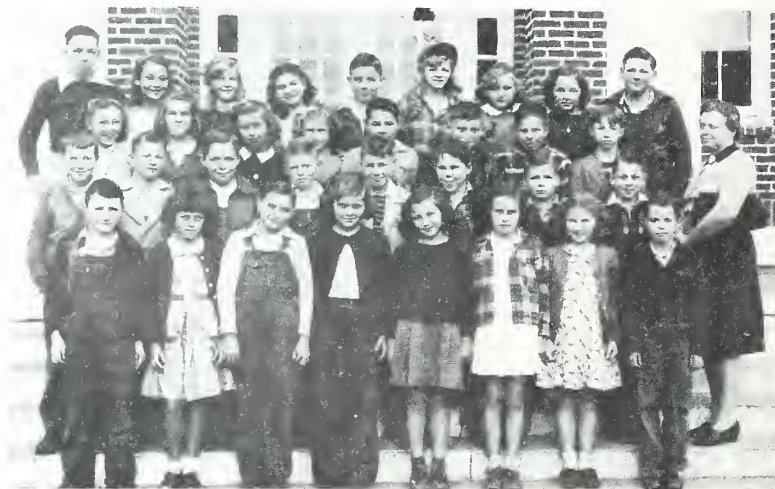
MRS. ANNIE MAE BLANTON, 6th Grade



MRS. HAZEL R. KORNEGAY, 6th Grade



MRS. LOUISE H. WELLS, 5th Grade



MRS. GLENN MAXWELL, 5th Grade



MRS. MAMIE FORDHAM, 4th Grade

1947

The Overflow



MRS. HENRIETTA GRADY, 4th Grade



MRS. MARY J. DOTSON, 3rd Grade



MRS. FLORENCE CURRIE, 3rd Grade



MRS. KATIE W. ROWELL, 2nd Grade



MRS. EFFIE OUTLAW, 2nd Grade



MRS. AUDREY BUTLER, 1st Grade

1947

The Overflow



MISS ANNIE M. COLE, 1st Grade



OUTLAW'S BRIDGE FIRST GRADE
MISS ANNIE M. OUTLAW



OUTLAW'S BRIDGE SECOND AND THIRD GRADES
MISS RACHEL OUTLAW



OUTLAW'S BRIDGE THIRD AND FOURTH GRADES
MRS. ELITHE O. DOBY



OUTLAW'S BRIDGE FIFTH AND SIXTH GRADES
MRS. SALLY NEELY



OUTLAW'S BRIDGE 4-H CLUB



OUTLAW'S BRIDGE CUB SCOUTS
LEADERS: MRS. LENA DUPREE AND MRS. RODOLPH SIMMONS



F. F. A. (GROUP)

President	William O'Quinn
Vice-President	E. T. Kornegay
Secretary	Bernard Kornegay
Treasurer	Bryant Smith
Reporter	Gus Ulrich
Watch Dog	Norman Stanley
Adviser	Mr. J. H. Dotson

SOME SHOP ACTIVITIES





HOME ECONOMICS CLUB



HOME ECONOMICS CHRISTMAS PAGEANT

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Page Forty-four

THE HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT

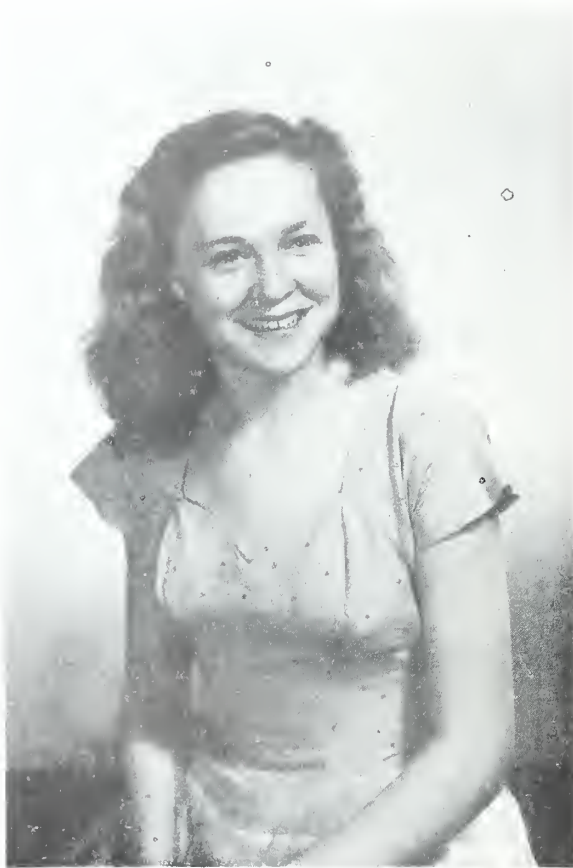
Despite the fact that the Home Economics Department was crowded this year, we have been very active and have made many improvements. In the fall our Department and the F. F. A. Chapter sponsored two dances. The Home Ec. proceeds were used for payment for a new refrigerator, washing machine, and electric range.

At the District Rally in New Bern in November five delegates from our F. H. A. club participated in an original stunt along with delegates from the Kenansville and Warsaw F. H. A. clubs. Our delegates were: Gaynelle Stanley, Elsie Smith, Emma Jean Smith, Vera Rogers, and Jean Harper.

Our Department gave the Christmas P. T. A. program under the direction of Mrs. Carolyn Outlaw, assisted by Mrs. Florence Currie, Mrs. Harold Kornegay, and Mrs. Florrie Byrd. Several carols were sung by a vested choir from the Home Ec. Department. The stage was appropriately arrayed with ivy and tall candelabra: In the center of the stage was a Madonna Window with a spot light on it. Mrs. Gustav Ulrich had charge of the devotional which was a part of the pageant.

The Home Ec. Department sponsored a dress revue at P. T. A., at which time a group of 64 Home Ec. girls modeled dresses that they had made during the year. Winners were: first year—Sibyl Davis; second year—Mary Ella Williams; third year—Jean Harper.

There are 74 students in our Department, 36 of whom are affiliated members of the state and national F. H. A. clubs.



VERA ROGERS

President of the Tri-County Federation of
Future Homemakers of America

1947

The Overflow



The Tri-County meeting of the Future Homemakers of America held in Warsaw, March 8.

Kenansville, Grady, and Warsaw clubs in charge of program.



BETA CLUB

President	Mittie Ruth Wallace
Vice-President	Gus Ulrich
Secretary	Elsie Byrd
Treasurer	Louvenia Wilkins
Reporter	Margaret Smith
Sponsor	Mrs. Pearl C. McGowen

Old Members

DORIS HOWARD
 MITTIE RUTH WALLACE
 ISABELLE GOODSON
 EVELYN KORNEGAY
 ALICE ROGERS
 ELSIE BYRD
 MARGARET SMITH
 LOUVENIA WILKINS
 GUS ULRICH
 HOWARD BAZEMORE

New Members

JULIA WILLIAMS
 MAXINE WATERS
 EMMA JEAN SMITH
 ARDETH SMITH
 JOYCE SMITH
 MARY ETHEL OUTLAW
 HELEN PATTERSON
 DOROTHY JACKSON
 EVA EDNA GRADY
 ANNIE MAE GRADY
 E. T. KORNEGAY
 BERNARD KORNEGAY
 CARMER TURNER
 JAMES PADGETT
 HUNTER WELLS

We sponsored a Negro Minstrel making a profit of \$29.00. This will be spent to pay our delegates' expenses to the Beta Club Convention at Winston-Salem. Our delegates to the convention are: Vera Rogers, Mittie Ruth Wallace, Isabelle Goodson, Margaret Smith, Elizabeth Ann Kornegay, Alice Rogers, Elsie Byrd, Howard Bazemore, and Gus Ulrich.

Our most outstanding project this year is the coaching of students who are failing in their work. Quite a few Beta members have enjoyed this service.

On February 3, 1947, we initiated the new members. The greatest surprise was the fact that we did not torture them. We gave them supper and a picture show instead. Members of the Kenansville Beta Club were guests on this occasion.

BETA CLUB INITIATION DAY





JUNIOR-SENIOR BANQUET

At the Goldsboro Hotel, February 14

Sponsor	Mrs. Alice G. Davis
Toastmaster	Elizabeth A. Kornegay

PROGRAM

Welcome—Elizabeth A. Kornegay
Our Seniors—Elsie Byrd
Response—Louise Carter
Our Principal—Hunter Wells
Response—Prof. H. M. Wells

Our Teachers—Eunice Sutton
Response—Mrs. Albert Outlaw
Our Guests—Howard Bazemore
Response—Mr. Faison McGowen
Song by All



Dear Junior Class, we sing to thee,
Junior Class, dear Junior Class.
Thanks for your hospitality,
Junior Class, dear Junior Class.
This banquet is a shining light;
These two great classes here unite;
You show your love for us tonight,
Junior Class, dear Junior Class.

LOUISE CARTER, Senior Class. Pres.



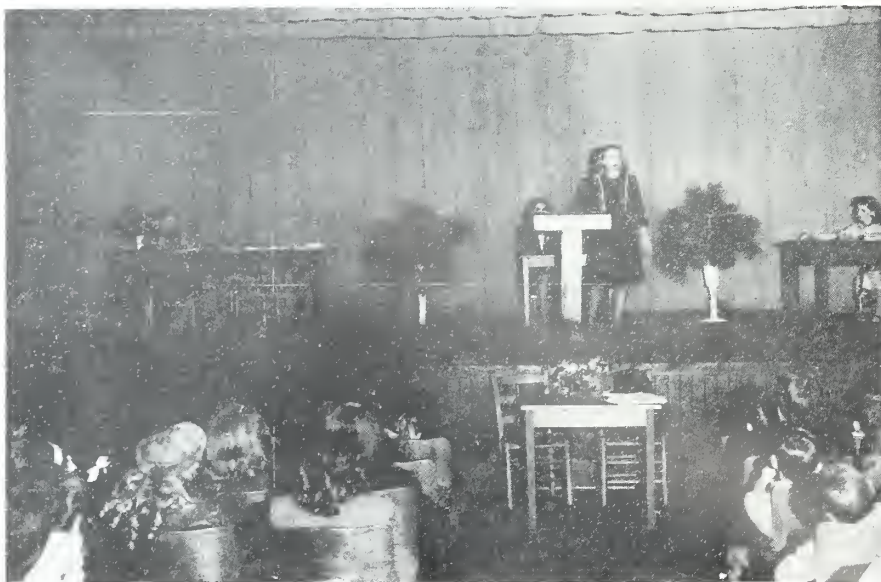
OUR DEBATING TEAM

Sponsor: Mrs. Pearl C. McGowen

SPECIAL QUERY FOR THIS YEAR:

"Resolved, that the Federal Government should provide a system of complete medical care available to all citizens at public cost."

For the past five years we have had a very active debating team at Grady. For the past three years the best debaters have been selected to enter the State Debating Contest, sponsored by the University of North Carolina. Grady's representatives to the State debate this year are: Mittie Ruth Wallace, Erma Lee Turner, Evelyn Komegay, Alma Dail.





MRS. BUTLER'S RHYTHM CLASS

Participation in Rhythmical Games and Folk dancing taken from our Physical Education State Manual plays a great part in making our children healthier, happier, and more graceful.

An introduction to Dance Education when correlated with other subjects makes school more interesting and impressions more lasting.



HARVEST FESTIVAL KINGS AND QUEENS

Grade 1:	Miss Annie M. Cole—Carlyle Herring, Nancy Carolyn Kornegay
Grade 1:	Mrs. Audrey Butler—Kenneth Albert Smith, Patricia Ann Herring
Grade 2:	Mrs. Effie Outlaw—Jasper Harper, Betty Rae Quinn
Grade 2:	Mrs. Katie W. Rowell—George Westbrook, Helen Waller
Grade 3:	Mrs. Florence S. Currie—Ralph Jean Dotson, Rose Marie Herring
Grade 3:	Mrs. Mary J. Dotson—Phillip Goodson, Emily Marilyn Stroud
Grade 4:	Mrs. Mamie R. Fordham—Lewis Westbrook, Jr., Jeanette Kelly
Grade 4:	Mrs. Henrietta Grady—Leland Harper, Jessie Williams
Grade 5:	Mrs. Louise H. Wells—L. G. Kornegay, Norma Allen Smith
Grade 5:	Mrs. Glenn S. Maxwell—Ray Franklin Smith, Shelby Jean Sutherland
Grade 6:	Mrs. Annie Mae Blanton—Hubert Dail, Nancy Gwyn Kelly
Grade 6:	Mrs. Hazel Kornegay—Donn Wells, Shirley Smith
Grade 7:	Miss Bessie Kornegay—Donnell Kornegay, Helen Murphy
Grade 7:	Miss Viola Westbrook—Billy Price, Jean Herring
Grade 8:	Mrs. Tippie Wallace—Haylon Bishop, Nannie Pearl Price
Grade 8:	Mrs. Annie T. Kornegay—Bill Zack Williams, Alice Kornegay
Grade 9:	Mrs. A. T. Outlaw and Mrs. Hazel B. Farrior—Jamie Powell, Ruth Bishop
Grade 10:	Mrs. W. W. Maxwell—Kermit Grady, Ernestine Outlaw
Grade 11:	Mrs. Alice G. Davis—Lynwood Patterson, Vera Rogers
Grade 12:	Mrs. Pearl C. McGowen—Coolidge Turner, Louise Carter

WINNERS

High School King and Queen

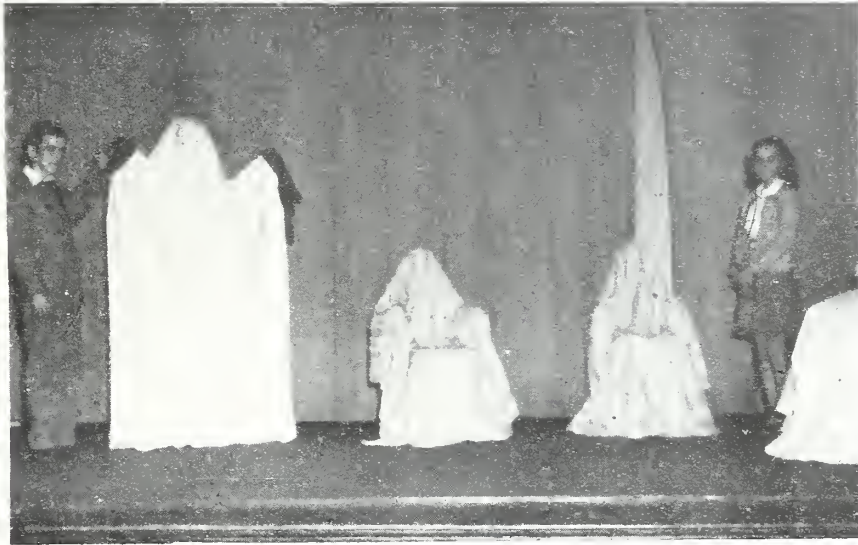
Kermit Grady.....Ruth Bishop

Grammar Grade King and Queen

Donn Wells.....Shirley Smith

Primary Grade King and Queen

Ralph Jean Dotson.....Patricia Ann Herring



STUNT NIGHT

First Prize: Mrs. Annie Mae Blanton and Mrs. Hazel Ruth Kornegay.

Second Prize: Mrs. H. M. Wells and Mrs. Audrey Butler.





STUNT NIGHT (Continued)

Fourth Prize:: Mrs. Mary Jewel Dotson.

Third Prize: Mrs. Pearl C. McGowen.....Beta Club Stunt.

Song used: "Eatin What Comes Natur'llly," composed by the members of the Beta Club, and sung by Iris Jeane Deaver.



EATIN' WHAT COMES NATUR'LLY

Folks are smart at Grady School;
We eat a balanced diet.
We're as happy as can be
Eatin' what comes natur'llly
Eatin' what comes natur'llly.

Folks like us would never fuss
Over beans and peas and "taters";
They're so nice and hot, you see
Eatin' them comes natur'llly
Eatin' them comes natur'llly.

We don't have to plan
And we don't have to cook;
"Miss Eliza" does it all
With a nice cook book.
She has a good time,
Yet often is hurried,
But she wears a sweet smile
And never looks worried.
That comes natur'llly
That comes natur'llly.

The milk comes from the dairy.
The cows, they say, are tame;
They may not be "contented",
But we drink it just the same.

If you want one good square meal
Just come out to Grady;
Then you'll get as fat as me
Eatin' what comes natur'llly
Eatin' what comes natur'llly.

First they feed the little kids;
Then they feed the high school.
Each one's full as he can be
Eatin' what comes natur'llly
Eatin' what comes natur'llly.

We are taught to eat just right—
Have to use good manners;
We're as nice as we can be
Eatin' what comes natur'llly
Eatin' what comes natur'llly.

We can't throw food
And we can't talk loud;
Mr. Wells stands by
Watching over the crowd.
He looks so happy
When he sees kids eat
Their collards and bread
And plenty of meat.
That comes natur'llly
That comes natur'llly.

The principal here at Grady
Is getting thin, perhaps;
The children eat the good food—
So he has to eat the scraps.

The P. T. A. we wish to thank
For helping with the lunch room.
It makes us do our best, you see—
Eatin' what comes natur'llly
Eatin' what comes natur'llly.



SENIOR PLAY

On Friday, December 13, "Almost Summer" was presented by the Senior Class under the direction of Mrs. Pearl C. McGowen and the coaches listed below.

CHARACTERS

Paul Jones, who goes on a cram session . . .	Nelson Kornegay
Mrs. Jones, his mother	Louise Carter
Mr. Jones, his father	Marland Harper
Junior, the kid brother	Kermit Williams
Mary, his sister	Alma Dail
Jack, Mary's boy friend	Edmond Carter
Jane, Paul's girl friend	Helen Outlaw
Mr. Smudgely, the principal	Norman Stanley
Anna, the maid	Gaynelle Stanley
Lilah Johnson, in somebody's past	Louvenia Williams

Produced by special arrangement with The Dramatic Publishing Company of Chicago, Illinois.

Musicians: Isabelle Goodson, Erma Lee Turner, Doris Howard, Elizabeth Grady, Mary Edna Waters, Jeane Harper, Mittie Ruth Wallace, Alice Rogers, Elsie Smith, Martha Southerland, Jean Potter, Geraldine Lee, Louise Carter, Alma Dail.

Ushers: Frances Hill, Irene Jones, Irene Lee, Ava Gray Waters.

Coaches: Mittie Ruth Wallace, Evelyn Kornegay, Alice Rogers.



4-H CLUB

President	Jamie Powell
Vice-President	Alice Rogers
Secretary and Treasurer	Elsie Smith
Reporter	Alfred Wells
Song Leaders	Isabelle Goodson, Alfred Thigpen

This fall our club won the Achievement Banner for doing the most outstanding club work in the county.

We were represented at the annual 4-H Club Short Course at State College this past summer by Mittie Ruth Wallace and Albert Kornegay.

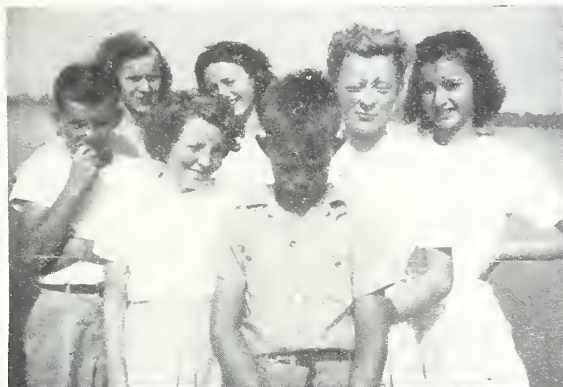
Ours is a very active organization. Parliamentary procedure is stressed and practiced. Helpful programs are given at each meeting. An increasing amount of interest is shown in home projects.

Under the capable leadership of Miss Virginia English and Mr. Lacy Weeks our club will continue its active work.



JUNIOR 4-H CLUB

President	Donnell Kornegay
Vice-President	Wilma Gray Smith
Secretary-Treasurer	Anise Kelly
Reporter	Donn Wells
Song Leader	Mary Gwyn Kelly



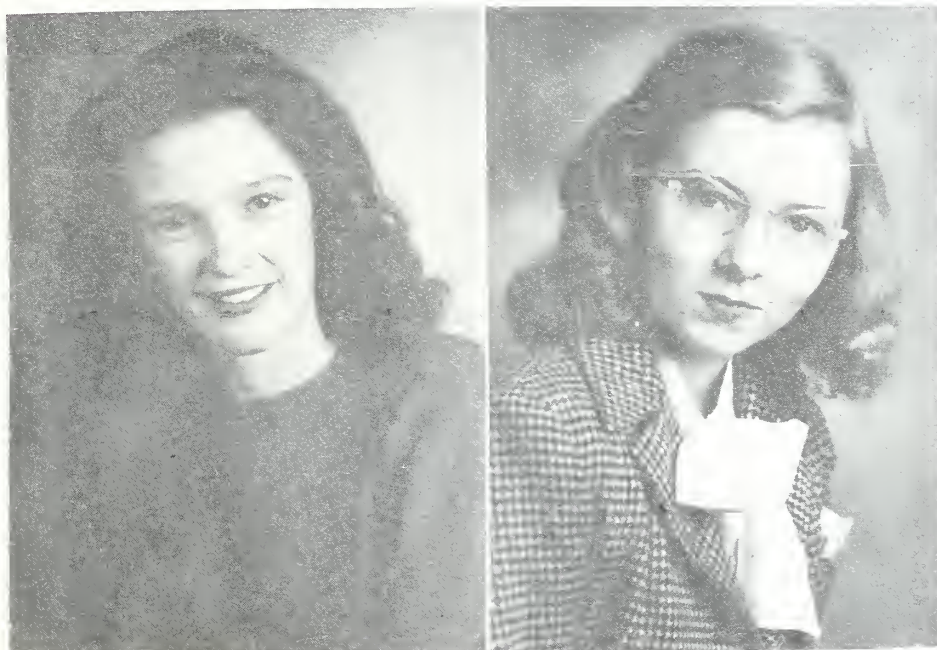
4-H ENCAMPMENT
WHITE LAKE



BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM



NATIONAL SCHOLARSHIP CONTEST

Of the 680 honor students (valedictorians and salutatorians) competing in a National Scholarship Contest sponsored by the Pepsi Cola Company, Mittie Ruth Wallace and Evelyn Kornegay rated in the upper tenth on their examinations. These papers were graded by the National Pepsi-Cola Scholarship Board.



SENIOR PLAY

On April 4, "The Daffy Dills" was presented by the Senior Class directed by Mrs. Pearl C. McGowen.

CHARACTERS

Richard Dill—"Papa".....	Bill Futrelle
Carol Dill—His seventeen-year old daughter.....	Evelyn Komegay
Rodney Dill—His sixteen-year old son.....	Coolidge Turner
Doris Dudley—The thirteen-year-old twins....	Mary Edna Waters, Kermit Williams
Grandmother Dill—Richard's neurotic mother.....	Erma Lee Turner
Cousin Maude Maddox—Who comes for a visit.....	Jeane Harper
Elaine Escott—Papa's bride.....	Mittie Ruth Wallace
Aimee Lovewell—Sweet sixteen and "'thimply crazy over Rod'"	Isabelle Goodson
Pete Norton—A high school athlete and Carol's heart-throb.....	James Radford
The Widow Woggles—A nosey neighbor.....	Alice Rogers
Arnica Jukes—The Negro cook, afraid of daffy folks.....	Alma Dail
Special Music: Mrs. Florrie Byrd, John Tyndall, Remus Teachey, Gaynelle Stanley, Lester Britt, Jr., Donald Smith, and the French Classes.	
Coaches: Gaynelle Stanley, Elsie Smith, Marland Harper, Doris Howard.	
Produced by special arrangement with T. S. Denison & Company.	



OUR LIBRARIANS



OUR VETERANS (HANDSOME, EH?)



McDOWELL MUSIC CLUB

President	Elsie Smith
Vice-President	Alfred Wells
Secretary	Vera Rogers
Treasurer	Elsie Byrd
Program Chairman	Isabelle Goodson
Reporter	Ruth Teachey
Teacher	Mrs. Florrie Byrd

Members

DONALD SMITH
ROSE MARIE HERRING
MOLLIE FAYE DAVIS
HELEN BAZEMORE
ANNIE LOIS GRADY
MARILYN STROUD
PATRICIA HERRING
CAROLYN SMITH
LOUIS WESTBROOK
LEONARD SUTTON
GERALDINE WILLIAMS
JEANETTE KELLY
PATRICIA BELL
JESSIE WILLIAMS
HELEN MURPHY

ELEANOR GAY HERRING
JANE GRADY
SIBYLE DAVIS
ILA MARIE KORNSGAY
EVA EDNA GRADY
EMMA JEAN SMITH
IRIS HARDY
JOYCE SMITH
AUDREY STROUD
DONN WELLS
THARON HARPER
ANISE KELLY
ARDETH SMITH
JEAN HERRING

RUTH TEACHEY
ELSIE BYRD
ESTELLE WALLER
NANCY CAROL HOLT
VERA ROGERS
ISABELLE GOODSON
EDITH BYRD
MARY ANN SULLIVAN
ELSIE SMITH
ALFRED WELLS
MARY CORNELIA SMITH
MARY ROSE SUTTON
JOYCE MAXWELL
RAMONA HERRING
DONALD KORNEGAY

In February the McDowell Music Club members presented a concert in the school auditorium. This musical program which consisted of piano and vocal selections was a credit to the school. The club is planning a spring recital for April.

The students of B. F. Grady are musical. This is due to the splendid instruction of our teacher, Mrs. Florrie Byrd, and also to the fact that the parents are music-minded.

Isabelle Goodson received the High School Music Medal for being the best all-round music pupil this year. Others receiving music medals were Estelle Waller, Ruth Teachey, Anise Kelly, Rose Marie Herring, Don Wells, Leonard Sutton.



B. F. GRADY GIRL SCOUTS

Leader — Miss Viola Westbrook

Scout Troop Committee

Miss Bessie Kornegay

Mrs. Alvin Kornegay

Mrs. Thad Kornegay



P. T. A. OFFICERS

President	Mrs. W. W. Maxwell
Vice-President	Mrs. Faison Smith
Secretary	Mrs. Graham Teachey
Treasurer	Mrs. Amy Garner



WOMAN'S CLUB OFFICERS

President	Mrs. W. L. Westbrook
Vice-President	Mrs. Jerry Smith
Secretary-Treasurer	Miss Viola Westbrook

The Woman's Club and the P. T. A. have helped with the Lunchroom project. To them we are deeply grateful.



BUS DRIVERS



HELEN PATTERSON

Our School's representative in the Essay Contest
Sponsored by the Wallace Enterprise

ESSAY ON PHOTOGRAPHS

Photographs are queer things. You can look at them soon after they are taken and notice nothing unusual. In a few years, though, what fun you can have looking at them! Is that because human beings think they get better looking all the time? I suppose so, for this all adds up to something I read once: "A guy will look at a picture of himself and laugh all day, but he will look in the mirror and not even so much as grin."

Photographs are valuable in many ways, though, aren't they? You can look at them years after they are taken and recall memories of days that were bright, and that you will never forget. Yes, there's a snapshot of you and John when you were sweethearts! And here's the one taken at your wedding!

Yes, some pictures produce amusement because they seem out of date and queer to us. Other pictures bring a flood of memories — sweet memories. Yet pictures often cost only three cents each!

GAYNELLE STANLEY

A DESCRIPTION

There's one like her in every class. She goes to school neat and clean, with just enough make-up on. She does not dress extravagantly because she really can't afford it. She's always present and on time for class. She never gets demerits and thinks she doesn't deserve any (but she does deserve some). The principal never calls her into the office to scold her about misbehaving. This person talks all the time and can ask the most foolish questions. Yes, there's a teacher in every class!

BOYCE WALLACE

YOU ARE STILL WITH ME

Dear Danny:

I don't know exactly why I'm writing this letter. It's just that I must talk, and there is no one to talk to; so I'm going to try to write what I feel. Although you will never receive this, you'll know what I mean. You'll understand.

I've just come back from the garden, Danny. It was so beautiful. I could smell the lilacs and the roses. Yes, there was even a moon out. Perhaps it was an hour — maybe more — that I sat under the willow tree and just thought of the past. Somehow, I had the feeling that you were there with me tonight. I felt your hand in mine as I strolled among the roses. I could almost hear your voice.

Now, as I sit here by my window gazing into the moonlit garden and trying to write these words, it seems to me that you're here with me, that instead of writing these words, I'm speaking them to you. Maybe I am speaking to you, Danny.

The ivy has almost covered the front gate now. Several robins have built nests in our trees. Your blue armchair is still waiting. Everything is the same. Nothing has changed much. I've tried to keep it just as it was the night you left.

You know, Danny, tonight seems just like that other night — the night you said good-bye. You remember, don't you? We were out in the garden. The moon hung low in the skies; the smell of lilacs and roses mingled in the air; we heard soft echoing music of "To Each His Own" (and "You're my very own"). You took me in your arms and whispered, "Darling, you are my very own. Our love will last forever." You sealed that with a kiss and then left me. I can still see you as you bravely walked out of the garden into the street, down to the station to report back to camp and then for overseas. You looked so handsome in your uniform. I was proud of you. I'm still proud of you, Danny.

Your letters came often at first. Nights after I came home from work, I'd sit in our room and read them aloud. Then came the time when they didn't come so often. At first I could hardly bear it, but then one night I found a Friend to help me.

I was late getting home from work that night, and while walking home I passed a church. Why I went in, I don't know, but there in that church I found a Friend in whom I could trust. It was only a month or two later that you wrote me you had found that same Friend in a foxhole in Germany. How happy I was! We were both trusting the Lord.

Things went along smoothly then. My work and the house and garden kept me well occupied. On Sundays I went to Church. I was just waiting — waiting for you to come home.

Yes, it happened. — I got the telegram that my husband — that you, Danny, were killed in action. I couldn't believe it. I thought I'd go crazy. There are times when I still don't believe it, but tonight, Danny, I know you were killed — you are dead. That isn't so hard for me to say. You see, I don't picture you in a grave in Germany. I know you're in heaven waiting for me.

I've almost completed my story now. Danny, since I got the telegram, I've been going to school, preparing myself to be a missionary. Henceforth, my life is for the service of God.

Tonight is my last night in our home. Tomorrow another husband and wife will share it. That's what you'd want me to do, I know — let some other couple enjoy the love that you and I found here. Tomorrow I leave for China. I'm praying that I may be successful in winning souls to Christ.

Perhaps I will never see our home again. Danny, I can't help it, but there are just a few tears falling. I can't write much more. I'm going now and take one last look at the garden — our garden. Danny, won't you come down from heaven and go with me? Won't you take my hand as I walk among the roses? Won't you whisper, "Darling, you're my very own?"

Your loving wife,

MITTIE RUTH WALLACE

WHY DIDN'T SHE TELL ME?

Is there such a thing as forgetting? Deep within my heart I hope there is, for those years without Margie I'm trying to forget.

Everything was so peaceful with us before I was drafted into the army, but, after a while, things changed.

I finished school just a year before I was drafted, and what fun school was that year. We gave a senior play, and I had the leading part. In the fall, we played softball and football, and, in the winter, our interest was centered around basketball. At Hallowe'en we had a big masquerade party; at Thanksgiving, a buffet supper at the home of one of our classmates; at Christmas we formed a choir and sang Christmas carols in front of each home in Brentwood, the little town in which I lived. Then came the end of school with class day exercises and the night we graduated. What a wonderful feeling it was to be on the stage and look out into the audience into the proud faces of parents whose own sons or daughters were graduating. I saw Mom sitting on the left, and once when I noticed her, she lifted a little lace handkerchief to dry her eyes. Margie Sherwood, my best girl friend, was standing beside me, and as I looked down at her, she gave me a little smile of reassurance. Yes, I would miss Marge. She was

really the sweetest girl I'd ever seen. Every guy thinks that about his girl, but, believe me, Marge WAS the sweetest girl I'd ever seen. What was it that she wouldn't do for me, or I, for her?

The following summer I was drafted. The night before I left I went over to see Marge.

"I'll miss you, Bob," she said, as the tears began to roll down her cheeks.

"And I'll miss you, Marge. Promise me you'll wait for me. Promise!"

"I'll wait for you, Bob, and I'll write every day."

I wanted to ask her to marry me, but I knew it wouldn't be fair to her or to me.

For two years of the four that I was gone, I heard from Marge almost every day. They were sweet, gentle letters, always reassuring me of her love. That was Marge, all right, continually doing her best to cheer me up. I liked for her to be the one to cheer me up all the time with her letters, for I knew now that I really loved her.

I was soon sent to Europe in the midst of all the destruction that was taking place. It was very seldom that I heard from Marge now. Her letters were few and not the cheerful ones that I had received before. Dear God, what had happened to her? If I ever needed her, it was now! Living in foxholes day in and day out on the beaches of France wasn't a very easy life.

Soon I learned the reason. It was a cold, rainy day that I got the letter, and I wasn't in the mood for any more disappointments. "Dear Bob," it read, "Before I begin this letter, let me say that it hurts me more than it does you. I promised I'd wait for you, didn't I? Oh, Bob, please believe me when I say I have tried to keep that promise. God only knows HOW I have tried. For two years I waited, and then I met someone else. I am engaged to him, and we plan to be married soon. There isn't any more I can say except that I'm sorry it had to happen this way. Yours, Marge — P. S. Remember, Bob, I'll never forget you. You still have a place in my heart, and you always will have. May God be with you."

After that, things didn't go so well with me. Marge was always on my mind, and once or twice, when I could think of nothing or anything except her, I narrowly escaped machine gun fire.

Then came the time when I wasn't so lucky as to escape. It was nearly a year after I had had the letter from Marge. We were in Belgium, then, and I might add that enemy opposition was tougher than it had been in France. I was wounded and stayed in a hospital there in Belgium for about a month, then was sent to the States. After convalescing in a hospital for about two months, I was told that I could have a thirty-day furlough.

In a way, I dreaded going home, for I was sure to run into Marge, and I couldn't bear it.

It was nice seeing Mom and Dad and, of course, my seventeen-year-old brother, Brent.

One afternoon Brent and I were walking toward the ball park, when we passed Marge. She looked a little older, but she was the same old Marge, with the same old smile. Brent let out a cheerful "Hiya, Marge," but all I could say was "Hello." Marge said "Hello" politely, and smiled just as I had remembered.

After we had walked a block or two, I asked casually, "Where's Marge staying now?"

"With her parents, of course. Why?" Brent answered in surprise.

"Well, married women don't usually live with their parents, do they?"

"Marge isn't married! Didn't Mom write you that she broke her engagement?"

"Mom didn't tell me any such thing. When did that happen?"

"Oh, about a month after she got engaged," Brent answered, casually.

So Marge wasn't married after all!

That night I couldn't resist going to see her. After I rang the door-bell, I stood waiting nervously like a child reciting his first reading lesson before the class.

Marge opened the door, and stood there, amazed. Then she held out her arms and cried aloud, "Bob, darling, you've come!"

After kissing her, I whispered, "Yes, Marge, I'm here!" That was my Marge — the old Margie that I once knew — and I knew if I ever had loved her, I did then.

GAYNELLE STANLEY

TOO MUCH CAME MY WAY

I will have to tell you this quickly for I don't have much time. Am I talking or just thinking? I don't know. Anyway, the doctor just told someone that I couldn't possibly live more than a few minutes. Perhaps you wonder why I'm here. Maybe it will be best to go back.

Being the only child of a millionaire, I had everything I wanted. Since I didn't like my tutor, I went to public school. I was class president, ball captain, and practically everything else I wanted to be because my father was a millionaire; he had a pull.

When I was in high school, I always had the most parties, wore the prettiest clothes, and went with the best-looking boys. My graduation present from my dad was a car which averaged 100 miles a day — "just cruising around."

I decided not to go to college. Making myself the center of attraction at the big, swanky night clubs appealed to me. Often, I had dates with men who couldn't possibly afford to pay the bills I ran up; so I took the bills on myself.

In all the years, I never had but one real friend. She was a classmate, Kathy. We always got along all right in everything but religion. She tried to persuade me to go to church with her and give up my foolish running around. I told her that running around was what I wanted to do, and I was going to do it. I regret ever saying that, now.

Then I met Keith. From the first I really loved him. Since we wanted a plane, my father bought a small one for us. Keith knew how to fly so we went up for a ride. After a while, I asked him to let me fly it. He didn't want me to, but, as usual, I had my way. He switched the controls and told me to push or pull something. When I pulled something — I don't know what it was — the plane went into a spin. Since we were flying rather low, we crashed before Keith could straighten the plane up.

There was no pain; I just felt numb. I couldn't move, but I could see Keith. His face was livid; his eyes, glassy. With the most painful bewilderment imaginable, he said, "Ruthy, you've killed me." Then his eyes closed, and a smile wreathed his face. Yes, I had really killed him — the one I loved. Killed — killed.

I have a vague recollection of their bringing me to the hospital. I haven't been here long — only a few hours. Kathy came a while ago, and brought with her a Bible. Screaming Keith's name over and over, I didn't know exactly when she came. Finally, I realized Kathy was reading to me: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. — Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me. — I go to prepare a place for you . . ."

Somehow, I prayed for the first time in my life — prayed that God would forgive me and save me. Kathy left, but there was the Bible with some verse references lying beside

my bed. With strength, not my own, I found those verses and read them. I have only a few seconds more. Memory of only a few hours ago brings back Keith's face full of pain and bewilderment; also, before he closed his eyes, I saw the forgiveness for what I had done. Because of Kathy's interest in me I shall see Keith soon. I am happy now, and I hope she will forgive me. If I had only listened to her long ago — but I didn't have time for that. Too much came my way — too — much.

ISABELLE GOODSON

ESSAY ON WOMEN

"A man's work is from sun to sun, but a woman's work is never done" — who was the author of that famous (or should I say "infamous") quotation? It has been quoted by nagging wives since men first made the mistake of marrying women.

At a tobacco barn I am often amused as I listen to women's chatter — about what almost happened to Mr. So and So whom they don't even know. Yes, they work from sun to sun — wagging their bottom jaws.

HOWARD BAZEMORE

ESSAY ON MEN

Boys who ridicule girls are usually boys who are very fond of girls. When they make their contemptuous remarks, we know they are just trying to cover up their affection and love for the fairer sex. The boys in our class are absolutely transparent; the girls understand their motives. One of these days the boys in our class are going to be proposing to the girls in this class, even though the girls do "wag their bottom jaws!"

MARGARET SMITH

WOMEN'S WORK

I would like to say to Howard Bazemore that I wish his mother would leave home for a two-weeks visit just as mine did. Maybe he would appreciate her more. I wish he could learn (the hard way) how much work women really have to do! Many of us men take women's work for granted. When we find everything all right we assume it **just happened** that way. If we come in and find one thing undone, or perhaps dinner not quite ready, we wonder, "What in the world have the women been doing all day?"

Just spend two weeks doing women's work as my Daddy and I did and you'll remember it as long as you live. How glad we were to see my Mother come home!

C. L. WHITFIELD

BACK-SEAT DRIVING

No doubt, the following has been heard by many drivers:

"My gracious! Can't you start off any easier than that? I almost landed in the front seat. Don't try to tear up the yard with your fancy 'take-offs' either. — You'd better be careful before you go out on the road. Make sure there isn't a car coming. — Well, what do you know? There's old man Hill's cow in the road. Must have broken loose from Jimmy while milking. Eeeeeee —! Sakes alive! Can't you see a thing as big as a cow? You just wait! You'll see the next time I leave the yard with you under the wheel, young lady. The first thing you know you'll have a cow to pay for. — You don't have to drive so fast; we'll get there on time. — Can't you read a road sign? It says 'Slow to 15 miles per hour', and you're going at least 40. — Good Heavens! You almost took the fender off that car. There certainly can't be any paint left on it. — Don't try to knock a side off that bridge up there. Wow! That did it! Deliver me from this car, and may I repeat that I'll never leave the yard again with you under the wheel, young lady."

GAYNELLE STANLEY

A FAMILY REUNION

Not that I don't love my dear old grandparents, but that yearly meeting called a family reunion is the longest and the most boring day of the year to me.

My family attends Sunday School regularly, but on this day of all days we do not go to the church. About ten-thirty that blessed morning mother packs our dinner, and we drive over to the "old home place."

In our tribe, as in other families, there are young and old, big and little, rich and poor, tall and short, brilliant and dumb, pretty and ugly, neat and sloppy, likeable and unlikeable, etc. With this mixture, all doing their best to look important, it is really disgusting to me.

They start coming in from all the walks of life and all parts of the country. The "city dudes" come down in their nice automobiles, and they are so glad to see everybody, especially the poor dumb farmer who has a smokehouse full of hams.

What goes on when the females congregate out on the back porch I don't know, because I never had the nerve to listen. From a distance, however, it sounds like a tribe of Indians on the war path.

After a three o'clock dinner the men slowly but surely begin to huddle out under the huge shade tree which covers almost the entire front yard.

Usually about the time I get to the mob, Uncle "So and So" has bet Cousin "Importance" that he can show more money than he can. This leads from bad to worse — one bragging and the other trying to tell a bigger lie to top it.

This goes on until the end of time, it seems; but finally we must go, and how it breaks my heart!

Each goes on his way happy; so I guess it's all right. The city dweller goes home happy because he has obtained some meat from his loving third cousin who farms. The poorer families go home satisfied because of the "big dinner." The grandparents are contented because they have had their children together once more. The dogs of the neighborhood are delighted because of the chicken bones thrown out. And, last but not least, I am happy because it's all over and there won't be another for twelve long months!

NELSON KORNEGAY

LOVE

The sweetest thing on earth,
Can easily break your heart.
How many tears it causes,
When lovers have to part.

The joy of being in love,
Is something you can't express.
You can't explain the moonlight,
The lingering of your first kiss.

You can't explain the other things
That form the power of love.
It's as if the mystic feelings
Were handed down from God above.

Precious memories linger
Of the nights you were together.
And you know within your soul,
That you'll never love another.

The sweetest thing on earth
Is the joy of being in love.
It isn't everywhere,
Only handed down from God above.

MITTIE RUTH WALLACE

MY SCHOOL — GRADY

Through the years Grady has grown in leaps and bounds. Why? Our community is full of school boosters — not school kickers.

Frequently we hear statements like these:

"Our school is the best; we have a good principal and good teachers."

"Grady School is located in a suitable place in the community."

"Our attendance increases each year; we have to keep making additions; and still we are crowded."

"We have the best Agriculture and Home Economics Departments in the county. Students get training in all phases of farm and home living."

"What a nice lunchroom we have."

"Grady students have ideals; they stand for the right things."

Such remarks as these and many others are evidence of the feeling that prevails in the community. Our school grows because we love it and believe in it. She will continue her progress in so far as we, the people of Grady, continue to have faith in her—to be proud of her—to lend a helping hand wherever possible.

CARMER TURNER

A TEACHER'S THOUGHTS

I used to think such awful thoughts
About you — you develish lad,
You were my "Problem Child" in school;
I took you to your Dad.

He shook his head and sadly moaned,
"That boy took after his mother,
Just give him a good, sound whipping;
Then I'll give him another."

You were not so brilliant in your work,
All you wanted was to pass:
You'd just as soon be at the bottom
As at the head of your class.

Such a shiftless, lazy boy,
Why were you born, anyway?
I never knew until tonight—
The close of Invasion Day.

You crossed the channel today, my boy,
You fought with all your might
For teachers and parents who don't understand;
Forgive us, Lad, tonight.

And as I kneel beside my bed
With all my heart I pray:
"God help our brave little 'Problem-Child'
That crossed the channel today."

ETHEL CANADY

EDUCATIONAL TOUR — WASHINGTON AND VIRGINIA

May 6th should be a national holiday. On May 6, 1946, the B. F. Grady Juniors left in a chartered bus for an educational tour of Washington and parts of Virginia. Thirty-five boys and girls were bubbling with excitement over the prospect of seeing our nation's capitol for the first time.

Before starting on that voyage we paused for a short prayer. From the heart of our principal, Mr. E. D. Edgerton, went up a prayer for guidance and safety on our trip.

We rolled on through villages and towns looking with all the eyes we had. Then suddenly we were out of the "Old North State" and realized that we were not at home any more. You could feel it in the air. Car license plates changed. Though everyone was laughing and joking you could tell that each one was thinking, "Mama and Daddy in Duplin County, North Carolina, and me away up here and night coming on." But no one complained for we were Washington bound.

In the afternoon we rolled up to Mt. Vernon, George Washington's home, a place of historical beauty indeed. We spent about two hours in the house and on the grounds of this magnificent estate. Many of the original Washington furnishings are in the rooms of the home. As we followed our guide from room to room we felt the very presence of the personality of George Washington himself. We still had that same feeling as we covered the spacious grounds and saw the Servants Quarters, the Green House, the flower garden, the Museum with its many relics and souvenirs, the Coach House, etc. We enjoyed running (or rolling) down the beautiful lawn that ended in George's own private river, the Potomac. (Out on that river was a Destroyer. George had had nothing to do with that. Or had he?)

On the side of the hill, a short walk from the Washington residence and overlooking the Potomac, is the Washington shrine — the last resting place of George and Martha Washington.

When we left Mt. Vernon we journeyed on to the National Airport which is located about three miles from the city of Washington. This was quite a novelty to some of us who had never before seen large planes taking off and landing. There are four runways, averaging a mile in length and two hundred feet in width, to permit safe take-offs and landings. The Terminal Building is quite a magnificent structure. It is interesting to note that the cornerstone of this building was laid by Franklin D. Roosevelt. (I believe that all other cornerstones we saw were laid by George Washington.)

After Marland Harper and Thomas Edgerton had eaten about six hot dogs each we climbed into the bus and drove over the Arlington Memorial Bridge into the heart of Washington. Our home for the week was Travelers Inn, only six blocks from the Capitol.

After each of us found his room and dressed, we went out to supper. Who suggested that we turn in early? Nobody. That night we visited the Library of Congress — said to be unsurpassed in the world as to the size of the building or the number of books and documents available. There we saw the original "Declaration of Independence." We enjoyed most of all the beauty of the building. Its interiors are particularly attractive. The mural paintings are "out of this world." Climbing the spiral staircase was fun to four of us!

From the Library of Congress we went to the Union Station and saw the real hustle and bustle of the city. That night we rode a trolley for the first time. Elizabeth got sea sick. Were we tired? And all this happened in one day!

During the next four days, with the help of a guide we visited many places of historical interest.

Arlington, Robert E. Lee's home, was almost as beautiful as Mt. Vernon. As we rode through the Arlington National Cemetery our guide would not use his megaphone and he asked us not to blow the bus horn or talk loudly. We felt reverent as we passed

EDUCATIONAL TOUR — WASHINGTON AND VIRGINIA

(Continued)

rows and rows of white crosses and tombstones. The Arlington Amphitheatre and the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier were quite impressive. The guard of the tomb marched back and forth, back and forth, guarding with dignity and honor that tomb dedicated to the memory of the unknown dead of World War I.

We visited the United States Capitol Building which is an outstanding example of good architecture. Our guide said that it was one of the finest in the world. The sculpture and paintings in this building are marvelous. Congress being in session, we were privileged to visit both the Senate and the House of Representatives. While we were visiting in the House Gallery, our sponsor attempted to write a note to Congressman Graham A. Barden, but was called down by one of the guards on duty, as no writing was permitted in Congress. (Much to her humiliation and to our great pleasure!)

The Lincoln Memorial Building held a personal interest for us. It was designed by Henry Bacon, great uncle of Jimmy and Betty Bacon McKoy. This edifice cost two million dollars. The main hall is seventy feet by sixty. There in a chair is a colossal statue of Old Abe. On the other side of this hall is his "Gettysburg Address" so well-loved by all students who have had to memorize it.

The Washington Monument was a thrill! The younger ones in our group took the stairway; those over fifty years of age rode the elevator. Marland and Evelyn made pictures from the top of this 555 ft. structure.

We went into one of the greatest temples of learning of its kind — the Smithsonian Institute. The money for this was given by James Smithson, an Englishman, who died and left his fortune "to found an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among man." One could spend weeks here. There can be found anything—anything from a surrey to a red bug! Colonel Lindberg's plane in which he took the history making trans-Atlantic flight is one of the many many valuable things to be seen.

We spent much time in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing — watching them make money, postage stamps, etc. More than five thousand people are employed there.

The Pentagon Building, the largest office building in the world, is a regular city within itself. It houses more than thirty thousand employees.

To many of us the National Zoological Park was quite a novelty. There were such rare specimens of animals in their "natural" out-of-door settings. We were reluctant to leave when our time was up.

Such structures as the Pan American Union Building (a monument to the solidarity of the twenty-one American republics) and the various Embassies made us feel a nearness to other peoples.

We spent almost a day at the National Art Gallery examining the works of the world's greatest artists. We had lunch in the Cafeteria of this building.

We also saw the Jefferson Memorial, the Folger Shakespeare Library, the White House (exterior only), the Supreme Court Building, and many others; I can't name them here.

Oh, yes, we had some fun in Washington too. We went to a stage show. We attended a Big League Baseball Game for the first time; the Senators won over the Cleveland Indians. Mr. Edgerton knew personally a Mr. Evans who played with the Senators. He came to our bus and gave Thomas his baseball.

For one evening's entertainment we drove over to a Recreation Center, Glen Echo, in Maryland. They had everything — even a roller coaster. I can prove that by Erma Lee.

When Evelyn had made a picture (for her scrapbook) of every nook and corner in that city (even the taxi driver who brought her from Aunt Ellie's) we left Washington and returned home by the Skyline Drive. As we came in sight of the mountains

EDUCATIONAL TOUR — WASHINGTON AND VIRGINIA

(Continued)

for the first time, we strained our eyes that we might not miss any of the beauty around us. We hit the Skyline Drive at Front Royal and traveled on down to Luray where we visited the Caverns. Such a "hole in the ground" we had never seen. We found ourselves in a large cave formed under a great hill in the Shenandoah Valley. Here we spent about two hours going from room to room examining the marvelous works of nature. Then our guide very entertainingly told us about how the formations continue to grow; there's a seepage from the earth above forming stalactites from the ceiling and water on the floor often builds up to what is called stalagmites. Sometimes there are beautiful columns formed; often there is drapery of the most spectacular coloring, resembling blankets, scarves, and bacon, etc. Odd shapes presented themselves at every turn. Various rooms and objects have been named in honor of some distinguished personage or after something to which they bear a striking resemblance. "Titania's Veil" is one example of this.

From Luray we went to Lexington, Virginia, and stopped at the Mayflower Hotel. A hot bath, a delicious dinner, and a show climaxed that day of travel. But we weren't sleepy. We "played" with the telephones for about an hour. When the girl at the telephone switchboard refused to give us connections any longer, we had nothing to do but sleep.

The next day when we had breakfasted, we checked out of the hotel. Mr. Edgerton and Mrs. McGowen begged the hotel manager for some cups and saucers with pictures of the Mayflower Ship on them. We climbed into the bus, counted our numbers aloud, as usual, and found that Wilbur and Leland were missing. Mr. Edgerton found them sleeping soundly in their hotel room. (No rooster had crowed to wake those country boys).

Our next stop was Natural Bridge of Virginia. Someone in our crowd suggested that perhaps God had made it to show His power and to bring us closer to Him.

As we returned home we spent several hours at Duke University. One student remarked that after seeing so many things of wonder we had come back to our own state and found the Duke University Chapel the most beautiful of them all.

After we had eaten supper in Raleigh and had entered the bus to leave, a policeman stepped inside and informed us that he was going to search our bus for stolen goods. Poor Mr. Edgerton was so frightened that his heart played tag with his tonsils. No lawyer ever made a better speech than he made in defense of us students — boys and girls whom he completely trusted. But speeches didn't stop that guy. He actually searched two teachers (the same two that had planned the joke) and found on them some cups and saucers, ash trays, etc. (which they had begged for the purpose of making the joke effective). Finally our sponsor stood by the policeman and said, "Boys and girls, you have played tricks on me during this trip; now I am even with you. This Raleigh policeman is my cousin, Nathan Canady, whom I called up as we passed through Durham this afternoon, and asked to play this trick on you. So, it's all a joke." Then Mr. Canady's face broke into a big laugh. He made a speech saying that he had enjoyed playing this prank on us and that we were welcome to Raleigh — that the latch string hangs outside, etc., etc. The mayor of Raleigh couldn't have done better.

The joke had been so very effective and real that the crowd was quiet for the first time on the whole trip. As we rode on home Buck said that if he had known the whole thing was a joke he wouldn't have thrown out that lovely salt and pepper shaker!

We shall always be grateful to those who made it possible for such a trip. The things we saw have broadened our view of life. No matter where we go or what we do, nothing can be enjoyed more or longer remembered than this educational tour.

HELEN OUTLAW

1947

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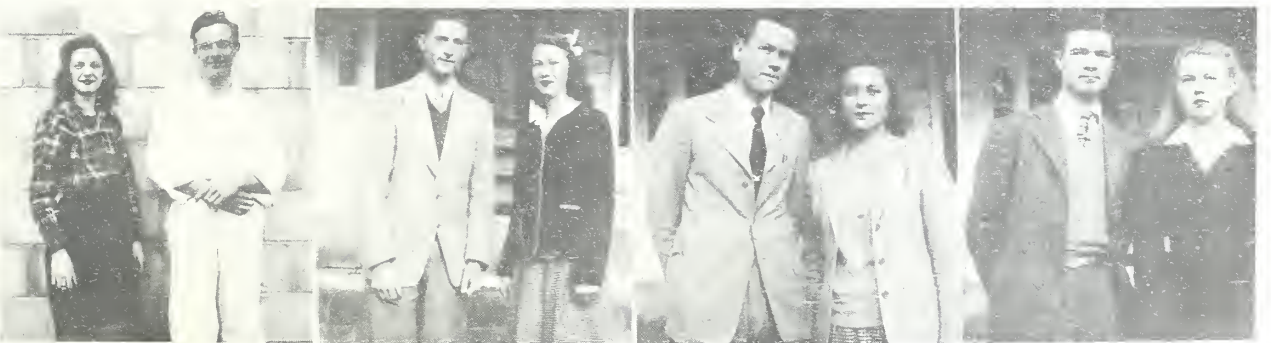
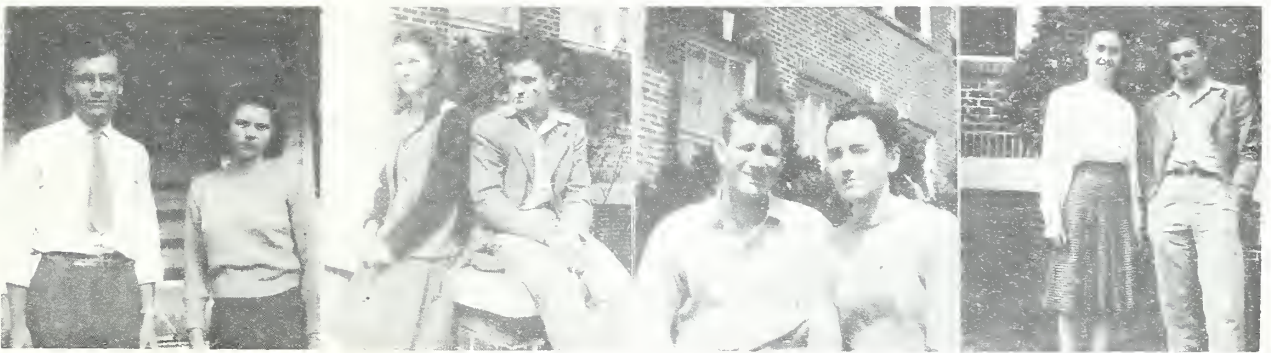


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OUR SENIORS A FEW YEARS AGO!



OUR SENIORS A FEW YEARS AGO!

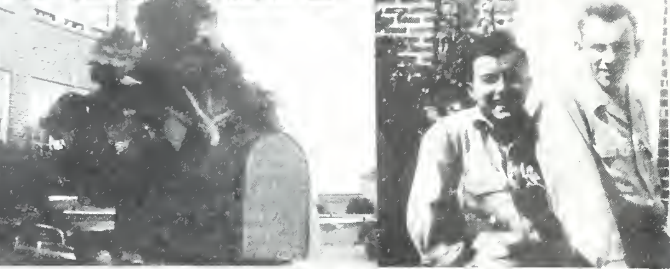
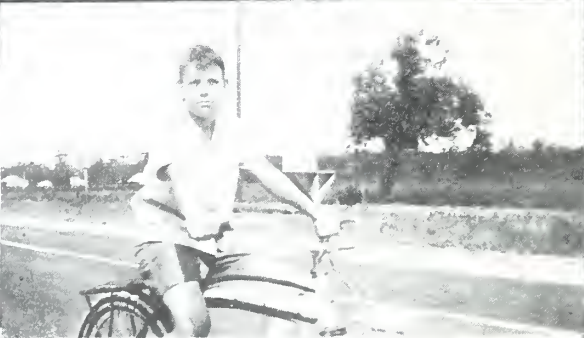


On July 6, 1946, Franklin Quinn entertained the class of '43 at a barbecue dinner. Plans were made to meet each year. The following officers were elected: President, Mary Anna Grady; Vice-President, Rodney Kornegay; Secretary, Virginia Kornegay; Reporter, Alene Outlaw.



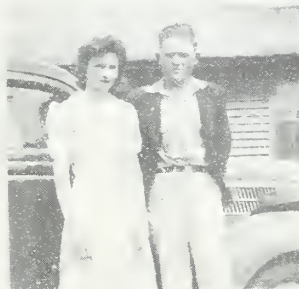
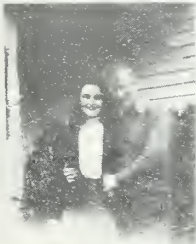
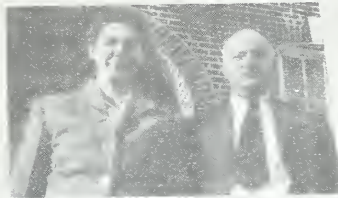
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1947

The Overflow

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